

# The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

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## Contents of No. CXXVIII.

The Round Table, . . . . .	3	Fathers and Sons, . . . . .	10
The President that is, . . . . .	3	Coming Wonders, . . . . .	11
The President that is to be, . . . . .	3	The Romance of Beaussincourt, . . . . .	11
The Convention, . . . . .	4	The Rector's Wife, . . . . .	11
Frightful Examples, . . . . .	4	An Elementary Treatise on American	
Pyrotechnic Patriotism, . . . . .	5	Grape Culture and Wine-making, . . . . .	12
Domestic Incongruities, . . . . .	6	Treatment of Fractures of the Lower	
CORRESPONDENCE:		Extremities, . . . . .	12
Paris, . . . . .	7	The Caxtons, . . . . .	12
Long Branch, . . . . .	8	Pelham, . . . . .	12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:		Good Samaritans, . . . . .	12
Mrs. E. C. Howarth, . . . . .	8	Suggestions Concerning the Teeth, . . . . .	12
Protection for Travellers, . . . . .	9	The Magazines, . . . . .	12
REVIEWS:		BOOKS RECEIVED, . . . . .	12
A Song of Italy, . . . . .	9	LITERARIANA, . . . . .	13
		NOTES AND QUERIES, . . . . .	13

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

### THE ROUND TABLE.

THE SIXTH VOLUME of *The Round Table* is begun with the present number. We hold that the current life of a public journal, like that of an individual, should—in a broad and not a special sense—explain and justify itself, and we have no disposition to ask credit for prospective achievements. Promises are always hazardous things, and it is better to surpass expectation by eschewing than to fall short of it by employing them. Nothing is more certain than that in the long run the calibre of a journal—the brains, force, and tact, whatever they may be, with which it is directed—will be accurately estimated by the public judgement, and the position be assigned which it has fairly earned. Just as in the case of an individual no amount of calumny, envy, or depreciation will ultimately prevail against the silent eloquence of a deserving life, and no extravagance of eulogy, come whence it may, will establish character where none is, so with a publication of whatever sort; its position and influence, if not its circulation, must depend upon intrinsic qualities which cannot permanently either be simulated or concealed.

We have little to say, then, respecting the future of this journal, except that *The Round Table* will continue, as heretofore, to be absolutely independent in its treatment of all subjects discussed in its columns. We have been warned that this principle in a business sense is a mistaken one, whatever its desirability in other respects, and have been urged to connect ourselves ostensibly with one of the great political parties. We think the principle a sound one and shall continue to adhere to it. The fact that among our subscribers are many of diametrically opposite political views, and that we are constantly receiving the names of others whose opinions are equally divergent, is evidence not to be gainsaid that our political course, even if disapproved, does not deprive us of the countenance of the intelligent and educated of either party. Indeed, why should there not be an independent political weekly? Why should we not reserve the privilege of praising a man or measure when we think them right, to condemn when we think them wrong? Why not applaud Mr. A. this week and censure him the next?—his conduct, to our minds, justifying both actions. Is not this better for the public, for instruction, for amusement, nay, even for truth itself, than to praise Mr. A. through thick and thin for anything and everything, and in like manner to paint in colors of monotonous vilification the deeds of his rival, Mr. B.? We think so. The illustration suffices for the whole principle by which, whether in dealing with politics, with literature, or with other subjects, we shall, we repeat, continue to abide; our aim, briefly speaking, being to publish fearless and even iconoclastic discussion of subjects of leading interest and importance; discussion which may at times appear speculative, but which we shall strive, when matters arise for imminent decision, to make essentially practical and direct.

If we do not promise achievement, we do promise endeavor. No other interest or pursuit shall divert us from the fixed purpose we have in view. It is probable that *The Round Table* will of necessity be enlarged in the autumn, but in any case it is hoped that it will always continue to improve. Increased space will allow us to introduce several desirable features for which at present we have no room, and thus to approach more nearly than at present the ideal we have in view of a comprehensive weekly review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art. We have nothing to add save cordial thanks to the many strong and partial friends of the journal—both in the editorial profession and out of it—whose warm encouragement, judicious advice, and tangible support have done so very much toward making an established success of an enterprise which necessarily for some time partook of the character of an experiment.

### THE PRESIDENT THAT IS.

IT is satisfactory to be able to record that the late Presidential tour has been much more decorous, more respectful to the good taste and good sense of the country, than was the one which last preceded it. Mr. Johnson has judiciously abstained from making either long speeches or intemperate ones, and we have felt, in common with many others, a sense of decided relief in witnessing the salutary change. There has been an equivocal ring—an occasional trace of puerility or incoherence—about the observations of some of his subordinates, but even they have been on their good behavior and on the whole deserve commendation for their self-control. It is, perhaps, not over respectful to the West that so much caution and reserve should have been exclusively retained for Eastern delectation, but the lessons of experience have not been lost, and, but for the accident of the rotation, it is quite possible the two exhibitions might have been reversed. The shadows of the State House and of Faneuil Hall inspire awe, no doubt, but they would scarcely of themselves have been sufficient to produce the effect which invites our congratulations. There was either a curious unconsciousness or a calculated irony in one of the President's observations at Boston. He "thanked God he had come, for throughout the day not one jeer had come up from any quarter," and "not one word of acrimony had reached his ears." In which spirit does our neighbor *The New York Times* speak when, in commenting on these observations, it exclaims, "We have arrived at an epoch in the history of the republic when simple politeness to a stranger, and that guest and stranger the Chief Magistrate of the nation, should be an experience too joyful to be reasonably hoped for!" If this is meant to imply that the President's own conduct upon all occasions has been such as should only justly elicit unmingled respect and enthusiastic hospitality and never such as to occasion reasonable fear that it might in any future contingency happen to be otherwise, we submit that the implication is unauthorized by the facts. The respect evinced by the people of New England was not paid to Mr. Andrew Johnson, but to the President of the United States; and, however in some points we may sympathize with his policy and rejoice in his tardy appreciation of the dignity of his office, we recognize neither a political nor a personal, but simply an official, significance in the reception he has lately encountered.

We have no desire to dwell upon former unfortunate occurrences, which have only been too notorious; occurrences which to our thinking have gone far towards needlessly protracting the unsettled condition of the country. The weapon which Mr. Johnson put in the hands of the enemies of his policy and of the Southern States has been unsparingly used, and, accepting to the full his professions of patriotism, we must believe that no one is more thoroughly alive to the fact than himself. His journey to the East and the guarded manner in which it has been conducted is in truth an evidence of such a realization and a proof of his desire to redeem, as far as possible, the errors of the past; while his somewhat frequently repeated protestations of having been actuated always, whatever his mistakes, by a heartfelt desire for the general weal, imply with sufficient distinctness a perception that his purpose and his acts have been occasionally at variance. Viewed in this light, the late Presidential tour appears to be a fit subject for general congratulation. The great mass of Americans, North and South, earnestly desire a prompt and cordial restoration of equal rights and amicable relations. They are conscious that such a restoration has been unnecessarily and most injuriously deferred by a few vindictive and interested politicians, who have augmented the unavoidable difficulties of the situation by an adroit use not only of natural and widespread prejudices, but especially and conspicuously of individual weaknesses or blunders. Under happier circumstances and unaffected by sinister intrigues, the two sections might have glided legitimately into the generous frame of mind which actuated Colonel Damas when he declared that it was astonishing how much he liked a man after he had fought with him. Such is the true soldierly spirit. Such was the spirit of Grant and Lee at Fairfax Court House. Such was

the spirit into which, following their great leaders, the whole people might readily and happily have been led. Such is the spirit in which, if the two late armies, Federal and Confederate, had the management of affairs, they could all be satisfactorily adjusted to-morrow. But such is not the spirit which the bitter and crafty politicians have found it in their hearts to encourage or permit. They would protract the war of words, tear open gangrenous wounds, keep alive cruel memories, stimulate recrimination, perpetuate military rule, increase debt, and aggravate for all of us the difficulties and burdens of life—do anything, in short, rather than hazard their own ascendancy or take the chance of a party defeat.

The happiness and prosperity of the nation are only to be attained by disarming such malignant and selfish counsellors and placing in power men who, while sincerely devoted to unity and freedom, will prefer their country to party, and labor zealously for honorable, liberal, and comprehensive pacification. The people are weary and heart-sick of contention, whether with bayonets or angry words. They are ready on all sides to come together with a cordiality unfelt for half a century before. There is no real issue, no tangible cause for difference, between the North and South which the result of the war has not swept away. There are feigned issues in abundance; pretences for alienation, provocatives of acrimony, which schemers and fanatics are swift to thrust forward. But, like interveners between husband and wife, the stirrers up of strife are sure eventually of their reward. For a space it may yet be postponed. In the breaking up of parties, the delinquency of settled opinion which comes as a reaction after a struggle such as ours, determined men who have a definite if sinister purpose will for a time bear away. It is difficult at such a period so to compact the convictions and sympathies of the people as to overthrow such men. You cannot, as Epictetus says, pick up custard with a hook. But the work of solidification is going on, and the process will soon become not only possible, but easy. The scales will fall anon from the nation's eyes, and there will then be left small chance for those who stand between it and its truest interests. So far as the Presidential tour—by inspiring confidence in Mr. Johnson's self-control, by suggesting a corresponding moderation of temper on the part of those who oppose his policy, and by awakening kindly and conciliatory feelings towards the South—conduces to this end, it is an auspicious incident for the country, and, after our long night of distrust, bitterness, and alienation, it encourages us to hope for brighter days to come.

### THE PRESIDENT THAT IS TO BE.

NOW that we begin to cast about for Presidential candidates, the dearth of first-class men in public affairs becomes painfully apparent. In England both political parties are led always by men fit to be prime minister, and among the subordinates of these leaders can be generally found half-a-dozen more who would be equal to the highest place. In our own Congress at the present day there is not a man to whom one's eyes would naturally turn as being fit for Chief Magistrate. Of old it was a common thing for us to have in every cabinet two or three men who were not merely aspirants but worthy candidates for the presidency. If the present cabinet could, by some chemical process, be precipitated into one man, the concentrated mass would scarcely contain the qualities that ought to be found in a President of the United States.

General Grant's talent for silence enables him to keep himself, as becomes the chief soldier of the government, independent of party politics. Whether he can be drawn out of this position to become a party candidate is still an unsolved question. An idea is abroad that General Grant is, somehow, to be our next President; and petty politicians are, therefore, very anxious to be his early supporters. They forget that General Grant himself has to be consulted in the matter. He is not easily misled by a false glare, and his vanity is evidently under control. It may not be so easy a task as these politicians think it to be to drag him out of his present place of life-long distinction and power. That he is not a favorite with the radical Republicans is plain. He is urged as yet



only by the little knot of men who got up the Philadelphia Convention, and who by that movement have not strengthened their influence, whether in their own party or with the Democrats. If the radical Republicans are driven to support Grant, it will be by the fear that if they leave him the Democrats may take him up. On the other hand, should the Republican party nominate Grant, it is not unlikely that he may be elected unanimously, the other side setting up no one in opposition to him. In that case he would be under no party obligations, which is not such a result from an election as politicians desire.

Of the prominent civilians in the dominant party there are but two who have any pretensions to the ability proper to a first class statesman—to wit, Charles Francis Adams and Chief-Justice Chase. When we drop below these, we come upon a mass of undistinguished petty leaders, so called, but who are rather mouthpieces than leaders. Sophomoric declaimers like Sumner, dyspeptic fugitives from responsibility like Fessenden, respectable utterers of half-truths like John Sherman, are not the stuff out of which to make a chief executive. It is hardly so good material for the purpose as is furnished by a self-willed manager of Tennessee politics. Rough Ben Wade, or, as he would be better named, coarse Ben Wade, would furnish better stuff than these. But we trust our people have learned that an essential quality of a good President is that he be a gentleman. Mr. Johnson himself must have found out that, for a man in his high place, to be a gentleman is an element of power. Mr. Adams has much to recommend him both on the score of personal fitness and availability. That he has abilities of a high order no one doubts; with his management of the questions arising with Great Britain during the war no one can find fault; his residence in England has given him opportunities to learn all about the important changes made there in the revenue department of government and their results, and these are now questions of pressing importance to us; he has been aloof of late alike from the internal squabbles of his own party and the bitterness of contest between the two parties. That the claims of Mr. Chase to the Republican nomination are being more and more recognized, is shown by the occasional covert attacks upon him from certain radical quarters. Part of the preparatory process of a presidential fight is the killing off of prominent men. A radical weekly of this city lately took occasion to throw the blame of Mr. Fessenden's well-known inefficiency in the Treasury and of all Mr. McCulloch's blunders upon the vicious system inherited by them from Mr. Chase. We have no disposition to palliate Mr. Chase's one great blunder of resorting to false money. But the mistake was made in troublous times; those who now, in two years of quiet times, have not been able to think of any way to get out of the difficulty would not themselves, if in Mr. Chase's place, have avoided the original error. Perhaps it might prove to be the best thing for the people to put upon Mr. Chase as President the responsibility of curing the evils brought upon us while Mr. Chase was Secretary. His original convictions were those of the hard-money school, and he reluctantly gave way to a supposed necessity for paper money. It might be his peculiar pride, if vested with the power, to pilot us back by a smooth course to a sound state of things. Wise men learn by their own mistakes. If the Republican party shall offer either of these two men, it will accord its leadership to intellectual ability of a high order, and, in either instance, to an early, steadfast advocate of the principles which have brought the party into power. Neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Chase has been, on the anti-slavery question, a time-server or an eleventh-hour man. Both were prominent in the anti-slavery phalanx when its numbers scarcely sufficed to have it recognized as a party. Political parties, however, like republics, are apt to be ungrateful.

Among the opposition fit and prominent candidates are at least quite as rare. The Democrats have been for a long time out of power in almost every Northern state. They have had no places to offer which might serve as stepping-stones in a career of worthy ambition; while, on the other hand, the selfish among

their men of ability saw the prospect of full wages on the other side for eleventh-hour service. There is little prospect of the Democrats carrying the Northern States at the next election; and the South will be surely counted out unless it can be made to count for the Republican candidates. If the party were placed in a position to choose freely—that is to say, if success was probable—there is no doubt upon whom their choice would fall. The masses of the party would insist on ex-Governor Seymour, of this state. The devotion of the mass of his party to him is that of personal affection, very like the feeling which existed among the Whigs towards Henry Clay. This attachment is strengthened, not weakened, by the personal abuse to which he has been subjected in the exciting times of our civil war. Personal abuse comes much easier to small men than the discussion of principles, and is therefore a favorite weapon with many conductors of our daily press. It does not always do good service to those who wield it. Mr. Van Buren owed his elevation to the presidency directly to the malignity of his enemies. There is no likelihood, however, of the Democratic party being free to choose the next President. The dominant party will manage to put off for a season the questions on which men are next likely to divide, those of free trade and taxation; so that whether we are to have a good President or a bad one the next time, one capable of leading us out of difficulties or one who, by his want of personal will and ability, shall prolong the present condition, depends, as things look, upon the party now in power. It is for their future interest that the next administration shall be headed by the ablest man in their ranks.

#### THE CONVENTION.

THE Convention has broken ground. The report of the committee upon the suffrage has been made. Their chief change from the present constitution is the introduction of the negroes to equality with the whites in the matter of voting. It is not in this state a question of any great practical importance. The six or seven thousand negroes among us can hardly make themselves felt for good or evil influence in our politics, and the climate and other causes will continue to make their numbers less and less every year. Mr. Greeley's committee have shown little skill in the use of words, unless skill is shown by employing as many words as possible to express one's meaning. That is skill when writers are paid by the line; but in making a constitution the prejudices of the world are in favor of brevity. All that the suffrage committee provides could have been set out in half as many syllables as they use. Writing *Tribune* editorials and making clauses in a constitution are labors of very opposite kinds. The minority of the committee recommend that this question of negro suffrage be submitted separately to the people. As whenever the question has been tried the prejudices of the people of this state against this class of voters have been manifested by an overwhelming refusal to let them in, it seems to us the minority propose the wiser course. It would be a pity to have the whole constitution rejected because the people had no other mode of expressing their opinion on this single point. In another respect the committee propose a sweeping change, to wit, that a man shall be debarred from voting unless he shall have lived thirty days in the election district in which he offers to vote. The present constitution requires a residence of four months in the county in which the vote is offered, and the committee, very properly perhaps, object to this as an unnecessarily long residence to require as a condition and one that operates harshly in many cases of removal of residence. But they substitute a much harsher restriction by requiring a man to have lived for the thirty days previous to the election within the narrow limits of a little polling-district. This will operate to disfranchise fifty honest citizens where the county restriction disfranchised one. The month of October, which is the month preceding the general election, is the month that divides the summer and the winter, and, consequently, divides summer work from winter work. It is just the time when laborers on farms, in brickyards, and many other branches of industry which cease with the summer weather, would be likely to change their residence with the

honest purpose of seeking work. A change of residence from county to county does imply to some extent vagrancy, but a change from out of one little polling-district into the next one in the same county does not amount to a change of residence out of the neighborhood in which the voter is known. So far as recent change of residence is a reason for disqualifying a voter, Mr. Greeley recognizes a slight change as worse than a great one. In this city, where one-half the people hire their apartments by the month, and where the polling-districts are very limited in extent, a man who moves his family around the corner or to the next block for the sake of better or cheaper winter quarters may lose his vote, although he may be a constant, perhaps a life-long, resident of the city.

The reason given by the committee for this change in the election law shows an utter lack of practical knowledge. The present regulation is that a resident of the county for four months may vote in any election district in which he happens at the time to live, but he may not vote for any local officer unless he has been for thirty days a resident of the district (not election district) from which such officer is to be chosen. That is to say, a resident of the state and county for the prescribed periods may vote for state and county officers in whatever part of the county he may reside; but if he have moved within thirty days from one part of the county to another he shall be debarred from voting for local officers of this lesser region. A very reasonable provision this, for the newly-arrived resident, although perfectly competent to vote intelligently for the officers of the county, is too freshly arrived in the neighborhood to know enough about the home affairs of the lesser district. The canvass of the state and of the county has taken a part in, but of the neighborhood canvass for local officers he has had no knowledge. Moreover, this provision was made to prevent what is called pipe-laying by the local candidates, by which they could bring, just before the election, voters from an adjoining district into their own to promote their own success by overwhelming the votes of the neighborhood rightfully interested in the matter, as in a county having two assembly districts. So long as the local candidates are prevented from doing this it will not be done, because the vote for state and county officers counts just as well in one election district as another. The reason given by Mr. Greeley for abrogating this distinction is an absurd one. He says the inspectors cannot tell what a man has put on his ballot, whether he has voted for an officer of the lesser district or no. His committee must be all of that class of people who never mingle enough with their fellow-men at the polls to know anything about the actual machinery of elections. If they had enquired about the matter before they made their report, they would have learned that separate ballots are cast and separate ballot-boxes prepared for the various classes of officers to be elected.

Mr. Greeley is determined to be prominent. He speaks five times as often as any five other members of the convention. Not satisfied with this, he seeks notoriety by affecting to go to sleep in full meeting. And now in order to be the first man to bring in a report he has omitted the study of his subject. If Mr. Greeley could only get to the belief that mankind knew something before he was born and that those who drafted previous constitutions had some reasons for the provisions they adopted, he would be a much more intelligent member of the present convention than he is likely to prove himself to be.

#### FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLES.

A GREAT many good people are at constant pains to determine the functions of individual phenomena in relation to the general system. The demonstrators of natural theology, whose business it is to establish the proofs of omniscient design in every department of creation, have made their study perhaps the most fascinating and impressive that men can engage in. So long as they confine themselves to the broad view of things it is all very conclusive. The testimony of astronomy, of geology, of physical geography, indeed of all the natural sciences, in a large way, affords no such difficulties that patient investigators do not harmonize them and combine them into irrefragable evidence of the mutual dependence



of all parts of creation and of the necessity of each to the others and to the whole. But when we come to details it is very evident that there are those which the philosophers sedulously evade, and the suspicion is inevitable that they do so from a consciousness that if they grapple with them they must prove inadequate to the task. To be sure, they have satisfactorily established the propriety of much that at the first blush seems unaccountable. They have shown, for instance, that the tendency of big creatures to devour little ones—which so scandalized Mr. Bergh in the case of Mr. Barnum's bon and the rabbits and guinea-pigs—is really, in every way, a merciful provision, and that if it were otherwise the inordinate multiplication of guinea-pigs—at the yearly rate of a thousand or so per pair—would ensure such extremely unpleasant results that even kind-hearted Mr. Bergh would sanction the importation of anacondas, if there were no other means of keeping his little protégés within bounds. The philosophers, to do them justice, have not failed in accounting for the greater part of the animal creation—the big beasts, the little beasts, fish, fowl, vermin, and insects, which eat each other or are otherwise connected, like the *dramatis personæ* of *The House that Jack Built* or *Dame Crump*, and whose joint action is as necessary to keep the world going as it was in the last case to induce the pig to get over the fence and enable the Dame to resume her household duties. But there is a point at which the philosophers break down. While they can give good reasons that flies should be, they are less successful in showing why their temperament should be as it is, and we have yet to see even a plausible justification of mosquitoes. Puzzling as the brute creation sometimes is, it offers no such difficulties as the human race. Passing by the criminal classes, Mexicans, Red Indians, Messrs. Thad. Stevens and Ben. Butler, and similarly annoying species, let us take an extreme case and see on what possible theory can be proven the utility of Methodists.

To the mosquitoes, flies, and Methodists themselves, of course, no question as to their *raison d'être* would ever occur. For those who regard them merely from the standpoint of resentful disgust that their presence naturally inspires, it is difficult to feel that by any possibility such can exist. But there is a middle ground of pure philosophical investigation whence the truth may more readily be approached. As to the Methodists, they have somewhat improved since the time, sixty years ago, when Sydney Smith, one of the wisest and most learned as well as most generous and tolerant of men, was impelled to except them from the toleration he was so ready to extend all sorts of creeds and classes. "A weasel," he wrote of them in *The Edinburgh Review*, "might as well complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs. Toleration for their own opinions—toleration for their domestic worship, for their private groans and convulsions, they possess in the fullest extent; but who ever heard of toleration for intolerance?" They have so changed that we should not now describe them, as he, then not inappropriately, did, as "a nest of consecrated cobbleries" or as "the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism." They are, however, we believe, still to be regarded as in a "conspiracy against common sense and rational orthodox Christianity." They are still marked by a "limited arrogance that mistakes its own trumphy act for the world." They still "hate pleasure and amusements; no theatre, no cards, no dancing. . . . It is not the abuse of pleasure which they attack, but the interposition of pleasure, however much it is guarded by good sense and moderation; it is not only wicked to hear the licentious plays of Congreve, but wicked to hear *Henry the Vth.* or the *School for Scandal*; it is not only dissipated to run about to all the parties in London and Edinburgh, but dancing is not fit for a being who is preparing himself for Eternity." They are still "desirous of making men more religious than it is possible, from the constitution of human nature, to make them." And still, as we have of late more than once had occasion to note, "these very impudent people have one ruling canon which pervades everything they say and do. *Whoever is unfriendly to Methodism, is an infidel and an atheist.* This reasonable and amiable maxim, repeated in every form of dulness, and varied in every attitude of malignity, is the sum and substance" not only of the pamphlet Sydney Smith had under review, but of the comments by the editor of the official Methodist journal in this country upon his brother editors on all occasions. Of course, we speak of the thorough-going, representative Methodists, for there are to be found among them, here and there, intelligent and even educated men, just as there are white elephants and black swans. But we fear that in respect of intelligence and enlightenment the sect would as little bear inquisition as did Sodom for righteousness after Abraham's intercession in its behalf.

It is difficult, as we have said, to account for their existence on any of the principles which are generally employed with respect to the rest of created things. Yet the people who are not content to leave puzzling problems unsettled have endeavored to do it. A large portion of the race, they say, is composed of men of coarse and impenetrable moral organizations; upon such ordinary ministrations would have little effect, and the Methodists are especially designed for outpost and pioneer duty of this kind: in their camp meetings the rabble detect a reassuring similitude to a circus, and in the ranting, ungrammatical parsons they find beings like to themselves in ignorance, but rendered attractive by a savor of the harlequin and the political orator, while the groaning, ecstatic old women and feeble-minded men, who are led in their excitement to spiritually turn themselves inside out and make objects of themselves, are all that is needed to complete the show. If we were to admit the prevalent theory that Mr. Beecher's theatrical performances are calculated to benefit the half-educated throngs that fill Plymouth Church on Sunday, just as they do the negro minstrel entertainments during the week, it would follow easily enough that the emotional uproariousness of Methodism might be good for the *ignoble vulgus* it attracts. But we can admit nothing of the kind. To encourage these people in their *coups de main* upon people's souls is, to return to Sydney Smith, "as if a regular physician should send a quack doctor before him and say, do you go and look after this disease for a day or two and ply the patient well with your nostrums, and then I will step in and complete the cure." It is popularly supposed that most of these Methodist peculiarities belong to a bygone time and exist no longer. It may be that their follies do not, in intelligent communities, exhibit such luxuriance and rampancy as of old. Yet, in nine of their churches out of ten, the performance will be simply shocking to those who are in the habit of seeing religious services performed decently and in order: of one of their pastors you might recently have read that he rose during a public lecture to rebuke the speaker for quoting *Pickwick* approvingly; in one of their journals recently appeared an article upon the enormity of converted brethren reading Shakespeare; in the obituary notices which fill columns of all their papers may be found those most preposterous misapplications of Biblical phrases and evidences of that impertinent familiarity with the Deity and with the mysteries of religion in which the "called" vie with one another.\*

All the philosophers' modes of disposition failing in the case of these people, we are obliged to fall back upon Charles Lamb's explanation of himself, and conclude that they are designed to fill the as yet unrecognized office of Frightful Examples. In this way the utility of Methodism, and of many other things in history otherwise unaccountable, can be established. Frightful examples are, in fact, things inseparable from the career of men and nations, and it is by wise generalizations from them that they gain what is called "experience." It is by a succession of frightful examples of the consequences resulting from violation of natural laws that children and animals learn prudent regard for their safety. In a similar way great national disasters become for the future buoys to mark the safe channel for the ship of state. As neglect of frightful examples becomes temerity, so from attaching undue importance to them grows timidity. Thus it comes that the scalded dog dreads cold water; thus, probably, that the Jews doubted that any good thing could come out of Nazareth and that the Trojans feared the Greeks even when they bore presents. But the wise regard for frightful examples will often secure such immunity from ill-fortune as almost to compensate for the original disaster. The Wars of the Roses, for instance, constituted a frightful example of the first magnitude; but had it not been for the salutary dread of wars of succession with which it inspired Englishmen, it is highly probable that Elizabeth's throne, challenged by Mary Stuart, would have been so battled for by England, France, and Spain as to blot the first nation from the map of Europe. The spectacle of Mr. Johnson's memorable electioneering tour worked thus in a double capacity; in the first place its consequences so impressed the President that, we are assured, he has for months abjured ardent spirits; next, its effects on the nation were such that, we believe, there are fair grounds for hoping that the next presidency will be awarded to a gentleman. Frightful examples, if one will but be on the look out for them, are abundant enough in our every-day

\* A fine commentary upon the Methodist tendency to mingle vulgar and religious matters, to the degradation of the latter, is contained in this paragraph which has been going the rounds of the English papers: "*The New York Christian Advocate*, in recording a 'revival,' adds in italics, as the choicest item in the paragraph, 'Brother Hinckle has powerfully touched the conscience of callous sinners, and succeeded in doubling the list of subscribers to our excellent paper.'"

experiences. In some aspect or other the great majority of men are such—bores, bores, grumblers, enobs, fools, ruffians, hypocrites, or something else unpleasant—and if we could only in discerning their various frailties avoid them, instead of unconsciously imitating them, as we are apt to do—like children who learn to stutter and talk uproariously and bite their nails and do other like things, from example—then we might gradually exalt ourselves to the condition of paragons. But to return to our friends, the Methodists. So long as we must endure the inconvenience of their presence it is a manifest duty to get from them what compensating good is possible. We cannot dismiss them as Uncle Toby did the fly, nor can we retain them among us without injury to ourselves unless the purpose for which they are here is clearly recognized. Evidently they might profitably be used as the Spartans used the Helots to afford frightful examples of drunkenness to their children. But as yet the religious dissipation of Methodism has been put to no such good service. It has rather, in this country, first secured toleration, and then, like Vice,

—“seen too oft, familiar with its face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

The inevitable result has been that its contaminating influence has caused a deterioration of the respectable clergy and a vulgarization of reputable churches. Instances of the spread of its ignorance and its narrowness into other bodies are becoming too frequent and too patent to admit of neglect and its propagandism is so rapid as to justify for ourselves the apprehension expressed by Sydney Smith that "when fanaticism becomes too foolish and too purulent to be endured (as is at last sure to be the case), it will be succeeded by a long period of the grossest immorality, atheism, and debauchery." We understand very perfectly the general reluctance to investigate matters like these and the storm of traduction and obloquy that is sure to break on those who do so. Nevertheless, we believe it to be of the first importance not less to free and enlightened thought than to true religion, that they should be examined without reserve, and that evils like the one in question should be properly pilloried as Frightful Examples.

#### PYROTECHNIC PATRIOTISM.

AMERICANS are often and most unjustly reproached with want of patriotism. The passion for money-getting—the *auri sacra fames*—it is said, has possessed them to the exclusion of all better and loftier feelings, and patriotism has been discarded with everything else that failed to pay. That the reproach is undeserved, to-day's observances alone sufficiently prove. Surely a people who will calmly and deliberately, year after year, devote the entire space of twenty-four hours to the mutual infliction and endurance of the intensest physical discomfort, who will apparently revel in an anarchy of sound and submit to a perfect martyrdom of nerves, in honor of their national birth, must be influenced by a most undeniable love of country. A great deal of what commonly passes for patriotism is nothing but egotism thinly disguised. Selfishness leavens this as it does every other virtue of frail humanity, and most patriots are all the more patriotic for having an axe or two on the public grindstone. To a majority of men love of country means love of comfort; the fatherland that poets rave about is only a very romantic and very abstract ideal which finds narrow embodiment in one's own household. It is the Lares and Penates, the homely fireside gods, we fight for after all, not for the deities of our Olympus. It is sweet and decorous to die for one's country, of course; but, reducing fancy to fact, it is for one's own wife and children, one's own immediate circle, that one dies, and not for anybody else's. That is a very lofty sentiment which Macaulay puts into the mouth of Horatius:

"And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the altars of his gods?"

But who can doubt that in the remaining lines is to be found the true motive which nerved the old Roman's arm:

"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast?"

The truth is, as we have said, that patriotism is, for the most part, essentially selfish. Senatorial eloquence and senatorial concern for the public weal are not lessened by the consideration that senatorial sons and nephews benefit thereby. Patriotism of this sort, the zeal which burns to take on itself the cares and burdens of office, which fills our post-offices and custom-houses, and cheerfully submits to the hardship of drawing very large salaries for very small service, ill-natured people are apt to regard with the slightest possible distrust.



But the devotion which, without fee or reward, resolutely immolates itself on the altar of country it is impossible to doubt. Curtius leaping into the gulf and H. G. rushing to bail Jeff. Davis are sublime spectacles of pure and self-sacrificing magnanimity. Yet they are in a measure rewarded by the applause of an admiring world, which, perhaps, affords a trifle more consolation to Horace than it did to Curtius. And every year we see exhibited by thousands of our countrymen devotion not less disinterested than theirs, and reaping no reward whatever except the soothing consciousness of duty performed. Every Fourth of July celebration is a vast effusion of the purest patriotism. What can be at once more elevating and more pathetic than to see some respectable middle-aged gentleman bearing home on the eve of that dreadful day the Pandora's box of Chinese abominations which is to banish peace and happiness from his quiet household! Yet there are few things the respectable middle-aged gentleman loves more than quiet. How charming, then, is the air of pensive but lofty resignation that sits upon his brow, the melancholy smile that plays around his inflexible lips. So Mutius Scævola may have looked when his "right hand hissed in the Tuscan fire," so Winkelried, when he made way for liberty and died. We know of but one thing more inexpressibly touching, and that is to observe the same middle-aged hero stoically submitting to be bored by the inevitable awful oration, which is not the least of the torments of the Fourth. No, we are mistaken; there is one thing more pitiable yet. That is the orator. A man who will nowadays, with his eyes open and with a full appreciation of the consequences of his rash act, deliver a Fourth-of-July Oration, is certainly worthy of infinite praise or infinite compassion, we are not certain which. Indeed, we feel a certain mournful admiration for every one concerned on these occasions. The amount of moral and physical courage required to take part therein seems to us simply prodigious. We applaud it, we are proud of it, though we own to an utter failure to realize even in applauding it. With such hearts as these Columbia, we are sure, like her cousin at the other end of the Cable, needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep. The government does wisely in getting rid of its monitors and retrenching in harbor defenses. A man who has passed unshaken through the terrors of a score of Fourths may be regarded as simply impregnable.

"Si fractus illabatur orbis  
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

For ourselves, we make no pretence to this lofty spirit; we are cast in less heroic mould. With pain and humiliation we confess it, we are not patriotic. We generally go out of town on the Fourth. We seek a lodge in some vast wilderness where Chinese crackers are unknown and rockets never hiss. There, immured in sylvan solitude, we ponder on the inscrutable folly of men and the immeasurable advantages of a quiet, easy-going despotism. We sigh for the halcyon days of Caligula or Genghis Khan. We wish that those meddling, though no doubt worthy and well-meaning, gentlemen in tie-wigs and knee-breeches who took it upon themselves to declare these colonies free and independent states had been wise and let well enough alone. A paltry matter it was to quarrel about—a miserable ha'porth of tea. Did not good Dr. Johnson, in his famous pamphlet entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, kindly but firmly prove to those deluded men that they were little better than partridges and that good King George was a much-abused and long-enduring king? And if argument had no effect on their stubborn natures, why were they not gifted with foresight to know the miseries they were entailing on their helpless and hapless posterity? If it is, perhaps, permitted to deceased royalty to be cognizant of mundane things, it must afford a considerable degree of consolation to that good King George to regard the penalty his rebellious subjects yearly pay for their treason. We are afraid that we rather sympathize with the vindictive monarch; from the silence and safety of our rural fastness we fairly chuckle at the torments of the wretched, sweltering, deafened city.

But it is a grim hilarity. We are quite out of patience with those officious fellows and their tedious Declaration. And, if it be possible to find degrees in our hearty and general contempt, we cherish an especial detestation for vain-glorious, blustering John Hancock, with his great, sprawling signature for the British minister to read without spectacles. As if a British minister would stoop to touch, much less read with the naked eye, the writing of mere miserable colonists! And Burke and Fox and Colonel Barre—their scarcely less criminal abettors in Parliament, under the very august nose of the outraged sovereign—why was there no little bell, no cell Number 4, in the Tower to curb their lawless license? Or, failing this, why did not some lucky inspiration make the Fourth of July, 1776, fall on the 29th of February? Then our misery

would be quadrennial only, and a reconstructed calendar, with leap year abolished, might entirely relieve us.

Such are the reflections wherewith we strive to console ourselves in temporary exile. Only once since a remote period of youth have we ventured the experiment of passing the Fourth in the city. We prepared for the dread ordeal by a severe preliminary course of training. For a month before we resided in the midst of delightful discords. At our rear lived a lover of the French horn, whose knowledge was as yet inferior to his faith; in our front dwelt a devotee of the Boehme flute, whose skill was likewise unequal to his patience. A piano slightly out of tune in our parlor kept doleful accompaniment to the wailing of a dyspeptic violin in the attic. A tolerably alert fire company on one side, a factory on the other, a querulous infant in the adjoining room, a dog in the back yard (who, being named Brutus, conceived it his duty to bay the moon unceasingly), an army of amorous nocturnal tabbies, with constant relays of organ-grinders, harpers, and clarionet-players, completed a fair imitation of Pandemonium. A month of such training as this, we rashly concluded, would render us invulnerable to the terrors of cacophony. But we mistook. Who shall paint the horrors of that sleepless night when we were first made aware of the true and stern significance of the saying that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"? Who shall depict the pangs of that awful day which made the memory of that night a pleasure? We have never repeated the experiment; we never intend to.

After all, though, we cannot expect to work a reform in this respect at once. The vulgar superstition about liberty and all that sort of thing is too deeply rooted among us. Middle-aged gentlemen will still continue, we fear, to sacrifice themselves cheerfully on the shrine of popular delusion, and our fellow-citizens of all ages will still deafen themselves and everybody else, and blow off their own and their neighbors' fingers, and be unspeakably uncomfortable and wretched while laboring all the while under the deplorable hallucination that they are enjoying themselves uncommonly. Occasionally a thriving town will be laid in ashes by an innocent fire-cracker or a clumsy fellow impaled on a harmless but misguided rocket, and querulous folk will grumble mildly at the appropriation for fire-works. But the town will be rebuilt and the corpse of the clumsy one buried out of sight and memory and the grumblers exiled to the country, and the free and independent American citizen will continue to celebrate the Fourth in his own free and independent way. Who says we are not a patriotic people?

#### DOMESTIC INCONGRUITIES.

THE collective wisdom of mankind has been condensed into sundry proverbs illustrative of the hopelessness of that species of effort which consists in trying to make things, good in themselves, into something else totally different; and although we are such an eminently practical people, that is what we have been trying to do for the last twenty years with our foreign servants, persisting in putting them into positions for which they were unfit, and demanding from them qualities they can never possess. But, if we cannot make "rams' horns into silver spoons," we could make them into spoons of a kind most useful for certain purposes, and we could better utilize the willing strength that comes to our shores if we considered more philosophically both its capacities and limitations. We have long depended on foreign service, and the result is highly unsatisfactory to both parties; but the blame surely cannot rest wholly on the unintelligent side.

It seems odd that when people are as sensible as we we undoubtedly are of the infinite fatigue suffered by all women, save the very poor, in their effort to bring the habits of domestic servants—accustomed to rough and careless modes of life and labor—into accord with the complicated machinery which we call housekeeping, that we never seem to think of modifying these complications in the least degree to meet the capacities of the strangers who are always within our gates. On the contrary, we add to them daily by seizing upon the latest fashion in luxurious appointment that can come to us from foreign capitals, where the attendants have been trained for generations to dexterous service. Year by year we fancy we improve our houses by filling them with modern conveniences so complicated that they amount to the reverse in rude hands. Ranges that burn themselves as well as their fuel—boilers that may burst if neglected—faucets that leak and pipes that become internally disordered, until the name of plumber is abominable in the ears of a householder—window-shutters whose fastenings are always out of order—door-locks that a hasty slam jars into sullen resistance—glass and china, knives and forks, carpets and curtains, so costly

that every accident costs a small fortune or ruins a set, and rends the hearts of the anxious owners. In the kitchen everything is too dainty and too complex for the rough needs of dirty work, unless it should be done by hands more careful than those we can command; in the drawing-room, all over the house in fact, the mere frippery of decoration costs money that might suffice to procure a painting or exquisite statue, the presence of which would refine the taste of all who come near it.

The possession of fine furniture only vulgarizes the taste, and the care of it absorbs the time that might be better bestowed. Not one of the bedizened houses that New Yorkers delight to honor can compare for stability or dignity with the half-ruined palaces of Italy. They are uncomfortable, it is true, from the excessive carelessness of the people; ours are equally uncomfortable from excess of care; while theirs have a never-failing charm, derived from fine proportions, not to be equalled by any glories of brocatelle. Italians have in their manners and in their lives the dignity of repose and leisure quite as much from the due subordination of trifles in their indoor life as from the laziness which we are so fond of imputing to them. The value of industry depends on the result thereof. Ladies consider themselves good housekeepers if all the ornamental rubbish in their parlors is speckless, and the dinner well-cooked, and the children's dresses constantly changed, even if to secure these good results their almost unremitting supervision has been needful. They might better find cause for self-gratulation if their houses were so plainly furnished, their children so simply dressed, and the house-work so organized with strict regard to essentials that very limited minds could grasp the details, and the mistress find time to remember the nobler work which the present age demands at her hands. If people know what they want they can generally obtain it; and if women knew what they needed to ease the labor of housekeeping, if they could be brought to see the desirableness of simplicity, they could exert sufficient pressure on builders and furniture-dealers to effect a revolution of the most beneficial nature. It is surely specially a woman's subject, that of household matters, but feminine ambition is so flattered by externals that it is slow to relinquish any of the decorations of life.

The people who come to us are young and ignorant, their movements are awkward, their wits are slow; they have no order, no memory; they break things; they do not really know what cleanliness is; but they are good-tempered, willing, untiring, and would be more teachable if they were not at once requested to undertake a dozen new duties every one of which seems to them both difficult and unreasonable. A young German or Irish girl performs an amount of washing and scrubbing that no trained servant in Europe would attempt, and in addition we expect deftness and method and capacity for arrangement of time, carefulness in handling goods and chattels too costly and delicate for careless use, and of course we also expect from them all moral virtues. We try desperately to teach these people, but always try to teach in our own way, from our own point of view, dragging them by main force into our own grooves. The most sanguine of teachers would not expect little boys to read Greek at first sight; but we demand nearly as great an impossibility when we look for method and tidiness from people whose transmitted tendencies are utterly the reverse. The ingenuity of a most ingenious people is exerted to invent domestic utensils which shall enable them to save their muscles by using their brains, and these things are thrust into the hands of unfortunates whose muscular and intellectual development renders such appliances particularly unsuitable. With the avidity of children for a new toy, the newcomers seize upon everything which is presented to them as a means of saving trouble; and, though they seldom learn really to do so, they will never relinquish the idea.

Our houses are in fact schools where the unfortunate mistress is for ever trying to teach the use of a thousand ingenuities which are really less help than hindrance to the obtuse pupils, whose work ought to be mapped out by broad and simple lines not made difficult by niceties of detail. Teaching people too many things at once simply induces them to slur everything, and that we have so many incapable servants is our fault as much as theirs. Instead of adhering to habits absolutely requiring a class of attendants that we cannot obtain, we might lead those we can procure gently into better ways, beginning at a point nearer to their early habits, not quite so bewildering from its strangeness. Plenty of room to work in, and very strong tools to work with, are the great necessities for people coming from country labor, as most of the immigrants do; and instead of requiring a toy-like finish in their houses, women of intelligence should demand strength and solidity, at least in the lower rooms.



With well-laid floors and ample washrooms, simple ranges, room, air, and light for the storage of the inevitable rubbish of the family, and few kitchen utensils of great strength, the perpetual bickering about trifles which is often the result of too many rules would be less frequent, and the mistress might venture to hope that those of importance could be remembered. Just now the only way of filling the gulf between the requirements of the family and the service attainable is by a Curtius-like leap on the part of the mistress—a proceeding that may be very virtuous but which is quite unintelligent.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.*

### NOTES ON THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

PARIS, June 15, 1867.

HOWEVER grand, successful, and interesting the Great Exposition may be, it is, nevertheless, a monument to French egotism at the expense of every other nation contributing to it. The whole affair is like a splendid party given to bring out a young girl; all who dance and frolic at it must pronounce her to be a model of taste and a paragon of beauty. The young lady may be scrofulous or pitted with the small-pox, but what of that? The affair is got up for her benefit, and she is entitled to all the admiration and honor she can get by it. How universal it is, is apparent in the internal arrangement of the building, in the nomination of jurors, in the award of medals, and in the courtesy extended to exhibitors. One-half of the building is assigned to France, one-half of the jurors are French, one-half of the medals are to go to French exhibitors. As regards courtesy, the Exposition opens before any but French exhibitors are ready; the jurors are obliged to pass around and inspect what they can find and report thereon before the objects contributed by foreigners are properly displayed. There is no postponement on account of unavoidable delays, no indulgence to strangers contending with obstacles in a foreign land and with extortions due to the precipitancy and inflexibility of the imperial commission. There is, in short, nothing universal about it except a universal spirit of French egotism and *amour propre*.

To what moral end does this spirit of egotism lead? Exhibiting one half of the objects in the building, with time and place favorable to their suitable arrangement and with one half of the jurors French, France demonstrates that she is superior to the rest of the world; possessing a national majority on all the juries, she gives herself the most medals, and thus proves her industrial and artistic supremacy. Merit is of no consequence. The main thing is to secure to France the largest proportion of prizes. That this has been purposely designed there can be no question. The composition and action of the jury on paintings show how the scheme works. About one half of this jury is French, and this half is mostly composed of artists who contribute works to the Exposition. At first the jury magnanimously agree not to give themselves medals—that is to say, to the artists on the jury who have works in the Exposition. But of what use is such a decision? The imperial commission overrule it and annul it. "Gentlemen," they say, "help yourselves." When the jury meet to award the medals, twelve French jurors are present and fourteen foreign jurors. This body of twelve, combined against the scattered votes of jurors from half-a-dozen other countries, is evidently controlling. Consequently, out of eight grand medals (or medals of honor, as they are called) the French get four—and only failed to get the fifth through a concerted agreement among the fourteen foreign jurors not to let them have it. Out of fifteen first-class medals, the French get eight; out of the twenty-four second-class medals, a similar proportion; while third-class medals and "honorable mentions," like the crumbs from the rich man's table, go to the attendant crowd. The best of the joke is, that all the artists on the jury take a medal, probably through the reaction produced by having at first refused one. When the Exposition closes, France will be seen to lead the world in painting because the jury have awarded to her four medals of honor to one in a universal competition. (The remaining four grand medals are awarded to Germany, Spain, Italy, and Belgium respectively.) One might suppose that a nation claiming to be the politest in the world would, at a "universal exposition," display its characteristic virtue; one would suppose that at its own party it would generously share its sweets and bouquets with its guests; one would scarcely believe it capable of appropriating to itself its

fairest flowers and daintiest dishes, its japonicas and its *pâtés*, and leave to the invited only macaroni, almonds, and raisins.

As France, according to its own showing, leads the world in art, let us see what the nature of this art is. The four artists that receive grand medals of honor are Gérôme, Cabanel, Meissonier, and Rousseau. The first three are figure-painters and the last a landscapist, and all of them are on the jury.

Gérôme contributes to the Exposition about a dozen works, the subjects of which are as follows: A duel between a clown and a harlequin, the murder of Cæsar, an Oriental trumpet dancing and exposing a naked belly, Arabs ploughing, Rembrandt etching, Louis XIV. and Molière breakfasting before courtiers, Roman gladiators receiving their death-warrant, a group of Arabs in a boat, a display of hideous decapitated Arab heads around an Oriental gateway, Phryne, the great courtesan of ancient times, naked before a tribunal of Greek judges, and others of similar import. The subjects are mostly foreign; in sentiment they consist of dishes of horrors, still-life reality, and prurient curiosity, the success of each picture being, generally speaking, in inverse ratio to its decency. But few words need be devoted to technicalities; the pictures are well drawn, well colored, and well composed; in style they are elaborated to a painful degree, in fact up to a phase of metallic polish and rigidity. The "Rembrandt etching" is a fine example of effect and still-life painting, two qualities that characterize all his works, and particularly the Arab subjects, the costumes and scenery of which require no higher powers to portray.

Cabanel comes next. He exhibits several portraits seeming to be painted for the benefit of tailors and *modistes*, especially that of the Emperor. He has also an Adam and Eve visited by the Almighty after the apple was eaten, a struggle between a naked female and a satyr, and a Venus lying on the crest of a wave with Cupids hovering over her, all of the figures being as large or larger than life and highly nude. In sentiment these pictures are lascivious beyond description. The introduction of the Almighty into the Adam and Eve subject is simply ludicrous, as are the expressions on all the faces, each being remarkable for showing the white of the eye. Raphael's "Vision of Ezekiel" evidently supplied the idea of the group of the Almighty—but what a difference! The coloring is chalky, but good enough for the subjects, and so is the drawing.

Meissonier's works are better. His pictures are decent and on a small scale. He paints military and costume subjects with microscopic fidelity—Napoleonic episodes, cavaliers, gentlemen of the seventeenth century playing chip, drinking, scuffling, and other common place motives. They are small curiosities of art, akin to Chinese intricate carvings, and well adapted to the system of rewarding petty popular genius with medals. Wealthy amateurs comprehend such art easily, and picture-dealers can decant on its merit without getting grandiloquent.

Rousseau, the last, is a landscapist. He is the best representative of the fashionable color mania. He has several works in the Exposition. Two of them—painted years ago, it is said—may be called fine, one comparatively simple and luminous and the other grave, quiet, and true, evidently studied from nature. Although he paints commonplace scenes, one might allow him the medal if he had exhibited only these two pictures. The rest of his works show what it is to run a theory into the ground—that of color. They display forced, exaggerated color, based on a study of pigments instead of nature, and which, with mere painters who are incapable of esteeming higher artistic qualities, has become a gigantic conventionalism and an arbitrary standard of excellence. To pronounce Rousseau's color, ugly forms, artificial effects, and bad composition *fine art* is simply absurd. Were there no other maxim or principle in art than "That is the best art which conceals art," his pictures, and so many others of the same stamp, would fail to the ground, because so much is made of one element of art at the expense of all the rest. If Rousseau's color is fine, then is the rubicund visage of a drunkard beautiful beside the healthy hue of a temperate man, and the blush of a virgin vapid by the side of the flush of a strumpet.

There must be a reason for the popularity of this art. People would not buy the pictures of these artists as they do if they did not sympathize with their subjects and their treatment. Taine's method, which consists of collating together peculiarities of race, the society in which works of art are produced, and the works themselves, enables one to solve the problem. Comprehend certain phases of Paris life and character, and we comprehend this art.

Three aspects of character stand out in strong relief in Paris. One is the delight in gay colors, uniforms, mas-

querades, electric-light effects, rapid succession of ideas and forms, strong contrasts generally—whatever is brilliant to eye and ear and fixes the attention without wearying it, whatever appeals to the senses without requiring study or reflection to digest it. The next is its concomitant—taste. Sensuous irritability is accompanied with a certain delicacy of feeling that regulates all outward impressions—a repugnance to coarseness and brutality, but which does not embrace what is *morally* objectionable. This taste controls details of expression of all kinds; in dress, in music, in painting, in literature, and in life. People, for instance, must be polite in society and irreproachable in toilet, whatever else they may be; in art forms must be refined up to a certain point, and colors well commingled and harmonious; in literature style must be clear and concise, and all subjects, however classified—whether belonging to the drama, painting, literature, or music—must be interesting without being profound. No prima donna can succeed in Paris, whatever her talent may be, who does not dress well and who makes wry faces in singing; no thinker will be read who does not put his ideas into elegant diction. Shakespeare would be too coarse and too deep for Parisian intellects; *Hamlet* would be unintelligible. The same with German music, until refashioned and abbreviated to suit French ears. A friend who had seen *The Magic Flute* of Mozart in Dresden could not recognize this opera in the French *Flûte Enchantée*. These are two of the aspects of Parisian character. The third is the licentious life of Paris, which somehow enjoys a sort of respectable position. It is to be observed in the balls, in the streets, in literature, in art, in cafés, and at the theatres. Its phenomena illustrate the other two features of character, and account for the popularity of certain phases of art. Balls must close before midnight, and women who go to them must be decently dressed, except during the carnival, when people may dance all night and dress and behave themselves according to a police standard of propriety. At the Closerie youthful students of art, law, and medicine, the leaders of the society of the future, dance, drink, and smoke with grisettes, but rarely get intoxicated, as that would be bad taste. At Mabilles—a nocturnal garden glowing with innumerable gas-lights on the ground, in the grass, on the trees, and on pagodas—the gay grisette, graduated from the Closerie, becomes a lady lorette and speculates on the wealthy and, worse yet, consorts with the old men roaming its bright alleys, like so many leering satyrs, stimulating their jaded appetites. After these one may go to the theatres, to which "all the world and his wife" go, to see *Cendrillon* and the *Biche au bois*, and there enjoy magnificent tableaux of running water and almost naked women; to the Gymnase, to see *Les Idées de Madame Aubray* charmingly acted, the philosophy of which is the "rehabilitation" of a corrupted woman—that is to say, how properly such a person might enjoy all the privileges and honors of society that are commonly reserved to the virtuous and the innocent. Next one may go to the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées and see the *demi-monde* riding in carriages cheek by jowl with the upper classes, attired in silks of delicate hues and driven by gay postillions, rivaling those of the equipages of royalty. Many a time have innocent Americans taken a member of the *demi-monde* for the Empress of the French! Read the popular novels, analyze social customs at Parisian cafés and restaurants, remark the facilities for intrigue, observe how the rich indulge and discipline their taste, study the jugglery of picture-dealers who cater to it, take a private view of the models which popular artists draw from, and it is easy to see how all this licentiousness enters into and shows itself in popular art. After becoming familiar with French excitability, with the respectable titillation of its senses according to a standard of outward appearances, with love of detail and polish, it is easy to comprehend the charm of Arabic costume, of seventeenth-century fancy dresses, of the dramatic sensuality of Oriental life, the wonderful accuracy of ghastly decapitated heads, the accurate imitation of still-life, the tantalizing aspect of a dancer's naked belly and form dimly visible through gauze, the provoking attitudes of an Eve and a Venus, twin sisters, both drawn, perhaps, from the same stripped lorette, a garden of Eden suggestive of Mabilles, the vulgar nakedness of Phryne, so entirely removed from Greek ideas of female nudity, and, above all, the various lecherous countenances of her twenty or thirty judges, every one of which seems to have been taken from the carnalized grey-beards that nightly haunt Mabilles. See all these sights and analyze all these impressions, and Gérôme's, Cabanel's, and Meissonier's art becomes the legitimate expression of the world in which it is produced. Such is the art exalted by medals of honor!

It would be unfair to let it be supposed that the



Exposition contains no better examples of French art than these. There are other French pictures far more deserving of "medals of honor." Among these may be mentioned the works of Breton and Millet. Although displaying too much of the influence of the fashionable color mania, they display qualities and aims far above those of the works that obtained grand medals. Their works represent individuality of character and the daily experience of French peasants; they incarnate the simplicity, purity, patience, dignity, and beauty of women and children in lowly life, tending flocks in the fields, gathering grain, or, weary, resting from labor at sunset—all of them full of true feeling and poetic sentiment, studied from the nature, human and external, of the country, and likewise characteristic of the time and civilization in which they are painted. They appeal to sympathies springing from the heart of humanity and not from its senses; if not the most beautiful ideas in the most beautiful forms, they are more beautiful than the flashy costumes and prurient sentiment that has prevailed over them in the Universal Exposition. And so with the portraits of Jalabert. None are superior to these in refinement of form and expression; in drawing and color, and in all the qualities of truly fine art, no works so richly deserve medals. If one were to mention works in the art departments of other countries, many paintings surpass in merit those that have obtained the medals. But space forbids. It would simply be giving a catalogue. It is sufficient to explain the French standard of excellence and to know that the Exposition supplies evidences of higher artistic powers in other lands than the nation possesses which egotistically and unjustly depreciates them by its award of prizes. Prizes, in any view, for works of art are absurd. The foregoing is simply considering things according to the plan and proceedings established by the projectors of this Universal Exposition.

#### LONG BRANCH.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, LONG BRANCH, June 23, 1867.

LONG BRANCH is slowly awaking from its winter torpor. The hotels have all thrown wide their doors, and portly Bonifaces (was there ever a lean and yet successful landlord?) put on their blandest smiles to welcome the coming and delay as long as possible the parting guests. The village is as nearly awake as a Jersey village ever can be, and on every "store" porch impassive natives pretermitt the national occupations of whistling and whittling to peer curiously out at the passing stranger from underneath the hideous straw head-covering indigenous to the locality, and briefly calculate the greatest probable amount of extortion to be borne by "them Yorkers." The scanty vegetation seems quite to perk itself at the anticipated advent of beauty and fashion, and every sickly grass-plot puts on all the airs of a meadow. Even the very surf, one might fancy, flings itself with a more joyous abandon and a mellower music on the beach, as though softened by remembrance of the fair forms that the summer brings to its embrace. Long Branch is trying to look its best, and everybody predicts an unusually brilliant season. But then, as everybody always makes the same prediction, one may be pardoned for being a little sceptical of the prophecy. That there will be a season, we don't doubt; that it will be at all unusual, we see no reason for believing. The hotel proprietors, however, certainly believe it, to judge from the vastness and vileness of their accommodations. Their preparations to repel boarders, as the circulars do not say, seem to be unusually extensive and complete, and fully merit a continuance of the very slim patronage that all of them are at present receiving. None of the houses average as yet over forty or fifty guests, though the number is daily increasing. Now, while the season is yet in its infancy, one would think, is the accepted time for the hotel keeper to lay the groundwork of future success, to win and earn a reputation for seeking the comfort of his guests. But if the house where your correspondent is enjoying all the modern inconveniences gives any criterion of the rest, their reliance for custom must be rather on the despotism of fashion than on their own intrinsic attractions. Of course it would be the height of absurdity to require at a first-class watering-place decent food properly cooked, but in the present stage of the season, with an average of five waiters to every boarder, it is scarcely too much to expect tolerable attendance. One would suppose that the colored gentlemen who condescend for a consideration to spill soup down the back of one's neck daily would be glad of an occasional order, if only to relieve the tedium of doing nothing, if only for a change from the fatiguing business of transferring a napkin from one arm to the other, fighting mosquitoes, and snoozing under stairways. But the capacity of the Afri-

can for idleness is really amazing—it positively fills me with admiration. The servants here seem to have fully mastered the hidden significance which *Punch* finds in Milton's line:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

They seem to have developed a genius for standing and waiting, and keeping everybody else waiting, which is quite captivating in the abstract and to a philosopher, but rather annoying in practice to a hungry man. Yet even he will after awhile learn to find in it a charm. There is a pleasurable excitement in speculating whether the waiter who has gone for your dinner will ever return; and the excitement at least, if not the pleasure, is increased as experience proves how greatly the chances are against his reappearance. I know of no better promoter of patience than to give five orders to as many different ministers of darkness, and when, after intervals varying from twenty minutes to an hour, one of the five strolls back, to find that he has brought just what you didn't ask for and don't want. And the glance of mild rebuke which a remonstrance is sure to elicit, crushes any desire to repeat it.

But then one expects these trifling trials at a watering-place. They rather lend a zest to our enjoyment of the surf and the fresh sea air—the two things which Long Branch gives us in perfection. And having these, have we not "the end of every man's desire" who goes there? Fashion is a hard and imperious mistress, and they who follow her must be fain to put up with many privations. And certainly there are not many places where Fashion can be found purer and less adulterated than at Long Branch, where one gets so little else. Whoever is unprepared to sleep in a dry-goods box, whenever the mosquitoes will let him sleep, and to live on such scraps of victual as the compassion of the waiters may provide, had better keep away from Long Branch. And in saying this I mean no invidious disparagement of any house. The Continental is probably as good a hotel as any, and has, I believe, the best billiard saloon at the Branch; but they are all woefully defective in comfort and convenience. Indeed, the only true way to go to this, or any other watering-place where it is feasible, is to stay with a friend at one of the more or less hideous villas which abound here. Or, if unable to indulge in the luxury of a friend with a villa, let the deluded visitor betake himself to one of the many boarding-houses, where he will be pretty sure to find better fare and no worse attendance than at any of the hotels.

Yet now, having had my grumble, I cannot but admit that there must be a subtle, potent charm in a place which yearly attracts thousands of pleasure-seekers and is rapidly coming to rank first among the watering-places of the Union. Less brilliant, perhaps, than Saratoga, less select than Newport, it is probably gayer than either, and certainly quite as popular. In one day last season the Continental took in and failed to accommodate thirteen hundred people. Where they stowed them all I am quite at a loss to imagine. Doubtless they lay around loose in the bath-houses and on the piazzas and billiard tables or hung themselves up on pegs. Much of the popularity of the Branch comes from its proximity to the city which sends it so large a proportion of its custom. It is quite a desideratum for a New Yorker to be able to get his whiff of fresh air and his occasional tumble in the surf without pretermitt for a day his sacrifice to the insatiable Moloch of business. The beach, too, is one of the finest in the country. For upwards of three miles one may walk or drive along the sands and watch the crested waves chasing one another in to the land. There is something ennobling and purifying in this contact with the ocean. To live in daily presence of its sublimity is to be a poet. And looking upon it as I do now under this "glorious, unclouded (and indeed unpleasantly warm) sun of June," which lights its opaline expanse into myriad-dimpled splendor, all that poets have sung of its beauty or its vastness rises unconsciously to the lips. And of all the singers few have sung more sweetly than poor George Arnold:

"Oh, cool green waves that ebb and flow,  
Reflecting calm, blue skies above,  
How gently now ye come and go,  
Since ye have drowned my love!"

"Ye lap the shore of beaten sand,  
With cool, salt ripples circling by;  
But from your depths a ghostly hand  
Points upward to the sky."

"O waves! strew corals, white and red,  
With shells and strange weeds from the deep,  
To make a rare and regal bed  
Whereon my love may sleep—"

"May sleep, and, sleeping, dream of me,  
In dreams that lovers find so sweet;  
And I will couch me by the sea,  
That we in dreams may meet."

But the beach at Long Branch has few such ghostly memories to offer. The precautions are ample, the beach is quite safe, and I do not recall any accident for some years back. All the drowning there is nowadays is by falling head over ears in love. Many a heart has been lost in the surf here. Surf-bathing with partners is a dangerous experiment for susceptible youth to indulge in. Those bewitching tremors, those delicious little shrieks of mock dismay as the big waves come rolling on, have spoiled many a night's rest that was proof against mosquitoes. The surf and flirtation make the main business of life at the Branch, with a slight advantage in favor of the latter. There is so little else, too, that it becomes quite a serious matter to secure a good flirtation. As your correspondent's age secures him from that temptation, he consoles himself with the calmer delights of sleep and billiards.

The weekly hops will, I presume, be commenced as soon as the hotels fill up. We at the Continental are promised the soothing influence of Gilmore's Boston band. In the meantime everything is delightfully dull, and there are so few ladies here as yet that we are woefully deficient in scandal.

A temporary excitement was caused here by the advent of the New Jersey Editorial Association, which held its annual meeting at the Continental with its wives and daughters and aunts and cousins, and had a complimentary dinner given to it last night by the proprietors of the house, "accompanied," as I learn from the private circular to the delegates, "with the social and intellectual enjoyment usual at the Annual Dinners of the Association." The usual toasts were read and the usual speeches made, which seemed to afford a great deal of social enjoyment to the speakers, at least, and their wives and children. Some of them were rather long. The feast of reason, etc., lasted till midnight and might have till the date of this publication, if the colored satellites of the establishment had not very summarily stopped it by clearing the tables. This morning the delegates departed, and quiet reigns in the corridors of the Continental. The very obliging clerk of the establishment seems not to have been greatly impressed by the association. In answer to my enquiry whether there were any distinguished people at the hotel he replied, "None except Governor Ward. You see there's only a lot of newspaper folk come here for a convention." He forgot that editors and princes say "we."

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

AT the request of the friends of this lady, with whose misfortunes our readers have already been made acquainted, Mrs. Van Dyke—who has greatly interested herself in Mrs. Howarth's behalf, and is now endeavoring to make permanent provision for her future comfort—sends the following sketch of her life and her claims upon the public.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Mrs. Howarth, better known by the *nom de plume* of "Clementine," was born at Cooperstown, N. Y., some forty years ago. Her maiden name was Doran; her father was a calico-printer by trade and an Irishman; her mother was a native of England. Her parents were poor, and consequently, instead of being sent to school, Ellen Clementine, at the early age of seven, was placed in a factory to earn her own living. She worked in different places, learning to read at intervals of leisure, until she was eighteen, when she became the wife of Joseph Howarth. He was also a calico-printer, industrious and faithful, and, until disabled by blindness, did what he could to maintain his family. More than three years ago, while working in a machine-shop, a spar of iron penetrated his eye and instantly deprived him of its use. The remaining eye suffered so much from sympathy that now he is unable to do any remunerative work. The care and support of this helpless man and five children devolved on the wife, and very bravely and cheerfully did she toil, caning chairs and writing poetry, until at last, anxious and overworked, mind and body both yielded, and she was prostrated by paralysis. Now, two slender girls, the one seventeen, the other fifteen, are trying to support their helpless parents and three small children. Mrs. Howarth, by the force of her own unaided genius, has acquired a reputation of which her many friends are justly proud, and hundreds of hearts have felt a thrill of pleasure while reading her exquisite songs.

A few years since she took her manuscript and her baby and went to a publisher in Philadelphia and asked him to print her poems. With a dubious look he scanned the garments of this humble woman and her baby, and advised her to return home and not venture on poetry. She was sad and discouraged, so after a little talk he consented to look at her papers. That night he thought he would amuse his wife with this poor woman's verse, and took it home. They sat down to read, and there they remained spell-bound until the "wee, sma' hours ayont the twal," and many a tear they shed—silent but most eloquent tribute to genius! He published the book, but, unfortunately, although the edition



was soon exhausted, it did not prove as remunerative to her as she hoped.

An effort is now being made to get out a new edition of her book, containing much of surpassing excellence that has not been published, and also to procure her a "home," made safe to her against all possible contingency and danger, so that she may have no anxieties about house-rent.

Mrs. Howarth is very modest and timid, and has never complained or asked assistance; but we have in her writings an occasional glimpse of her sorrows, and of the intense longing of her spirit for the rest denied her here, and from personal knowledge not to be mistaken I know full well that the one half of her destitution and suffering has never yet been told. By various efforts, some \$1,600 have been raised in this place for her relief, which is in my charge, but this does not seem quite sufficient to place her beyond the most urgent want, and if anything further can be done elsewhere by the admirers of great personal worth and rare poetic merit, we shall be extremely glad to receive it in her behalf.

MARY D. VAN DYKE.

TRENTON, JUNE 26, 1867.

#### PROTECTION FOR TRAVELLERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I thank you for your editorial on *Protection for Travellers*, in your paper of June 1. The exposures of mismanagement are very timely, and your suggestions for its cure good. I wish to go a step further in this direction than you do. I believe that I can show that there is scarcely any subject under legislative control that can be more easily managed. I believe that a cure can be suggested for these opprobria of our civilization. I have seen the idea suggested in print once. I had previously arrived at the same conclusion.

In the legal sense, life only is considered in the definitions of the crimes of murder, manslaughter, etc. No consideration of age or social position is involved. My present purpose is only to consider what may be called the commercial value of the individual to society as one of its units, the prospective as well as present value. This must necessarily be an arbitrary one. This being granted, this is my cure:

In order to prevent with almost absolute certainty railroad accidents to life and limb, let a law be enacted compelling every such corporation (and the same rule may just as well apply to all other corporations) to pay into the state treasury a certain sum of money for every life destroyed or limb lost through its agency, when such destruction or loss is not the deliberately intentional act of the injured person. The corporation should be so managed as to prevent even criminal carelessness on the part of the sufferer. His instinct of self-preservation and its increased care will sufficiently protect it and him. Let the details as to amounts to be paid be as follows:

For each person killed below 17 and over 55 years of age not less than three (3) nor more than five (5) thousand dollars; between the ages of 17 and 55, five thousand dollars for each person killed. These amounts are graded because below the age of 17 the individual of either sex may be assumed to be neither mature nor reproductive, but the chances of being so increase with the age, hence the prospective loss to the community in the case of an infant killed is much smaller than in that of the boy or girl of 10 or 15 years. The penalty should be in proportion to this loss. Between the ages of 17 and 55 is the period of greatest capacity for production and reproduction, consequently of greatest social value, hence the highest penalty. After the age of 55 the value of the individual physically grows less and less with increasing age; the penalty for killing should be less. To be effective as a cure such a law must be self-enforcing, that is, it must not require a resort to the courts for trial in each case. When once in force, on the occurrence of any such killing the only question at issue would be as to whether the accident was intentional on the part of the sufferer. If it was not, the proper order should be issued from a competent court on the application of the district-attorney, or other designated official, and payment be enforced summarily by the sheriff.

In case of maiming, the amount should be according to the above rates and ages and the degree of disability involved. If this is total and the result life-long helplessness, then, so far as the community is concerned, quick death were a better result, and the penalty should be total as to amount. To determine the degree of disability, physicians and surgeons, as experts, must be called in, and in doubtful cases as much as a year might be allowed to elapse after the receipt of injury before a final decision is made.

The laws now in force should continue. Conductors, engineers, switch-tenders, etc., must continue to be responsible for their acts; they must still be held guilty of manslaughter when through their carelessness persons are killed. Companies must still be liable for damages done to the persons of their victims. But these means of cure or prevention have been found very uncertain and the latter very slow. I propose in addition a change that shall be neither that shall allow of no appeals of the case from court to court—a penalty that shall reach the only sensitive part of a corporation, its profits. In this state, when suit is brought to recover damages for injuries sustained, it is the rule "to carry the case from court to court until the victim shall abandon litigation as a worse evil than the original injury." This will continue; but my plan proposes, in its own degree, to reach corporations on the basis of swift and sharp justice to offenders—not on the basis of the longest purse and greatest persistence in wrong-doing.

As a matter of course, this proposal will be denounced as a selling of lives for money. Stirring appeals against it would quickly be inspired by the corporations if it received special public attention as the remedy for a tremendous evil wrought by them. It is in truth, at the

first blush, heartless in appearance; but legislation cannot afford to be sentimental, it must be protective. Throw sentiment to the dogs. Let our legislators give us a certain and severe penalty for wrong-doing, and we can well afford to do without sentimentality, for there will soon then be no necessity for its exercise.

Your paper recites the fact that during the year 1865 the railroads of New Jersey killed 90 persons outright, and during 1866 killed 79. Let us see what would be the cost of such wholesale murder at the proposed price of blood. We may safely assume that at least 45 of the 90 and 40 of the 79 were of ages between seventeen and fifty-five, and that the rest would be of ages to cause them to average \$4,000 each. The cost of murdering 90 persons, then, in 1865 would be \$405,000, and of 79 in 1866 would be \$356,000. Can any one think that the railroad companies will not soon tire of such expensive indulgences? That such expense will not be a restraining influence? Of itself it might not be (which I doubt), but with the help of the existing processes it will be more potent for good than double the amount if obtained only by the uncertain results of trials before elective judges with packed, manipulated, or interested juries.

The above amounts would be largely increased by the penalties to be paid for "a large number of persons reported as seriously wounded during the same" years.

A familiar at my elbow receives this plan with the darkest forebodings. He sees visions, and thinks he will dream dreams of the time when depleted tax-payers will plan accidents resulting in whole hecatombs of victims, that thereby empty state treasuries may be replenished at the cost of the R. R. (ready relief) companies, and the business of the tax collector be numbered among the things that were, a school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour! "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

J. S. P.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., JUNE, 1867.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

#### A SONG OF ITALY.\*

IT is now nearly two years since Algernon Charles Swinburne startled the literary world by the suddenness and splendor of a success to which Alexander Smith's meteoric ascent furnished the only parallel. The *Atalanta in Calydon* set its author at once almost in the first rank of living poets and gave promise of a future greatness which few of our greatest have attained. Of course it was extravagantly praised; an age so comparatively barren in great poets as ours eagerly grasps at any chance of adding to their number. And it was herein that the more thoughtful and discriminating of Mr. Swinburne's admirers found cause for earnest misgiving. While they fully recognized and cordially applauded the many and remarkable beauties of the *Atalanta*—its wonderful wealth of nervous and graphic diction, its glowing imagery, its frequent pathos, its abounding felicity of phrase, above all its sensuous resonance of rhythm—they did not fail to see that of all the deeper and truer elements of poetry, the fruit of which these are the flowers, the *Atalanta* gave promise rather than performance. They saw that Mr. Swinburne's striking originality was not originality of thought so much as of expression and metrical form, and they feared the effect of this excessive commendation on a brilliant, fervent, but unripened intellect. More poets are probably killed by imprudent praise than by injudicious blame. The fate of Alexander Smith is an instance in point—the rocket and the stick; and, on the other hand, we have always believed that inherited consumption had quite as much to do with Keats's death as "The Quarterly" so savage and tartly. True genius, as in Byron's case, is only stung to renewed and higher effort by censure which it feels to be undeserved—the noble discontent which is the parent of great deeds feeds on opposition; under the enervating breath of adulation it often droops into the languor of satiety. Mere hunger for fame—that restless craving which is so forcibly portrayed in the opening scenes of *The Life Drama*—is apt to be the first and ruling impulse of the poet; and if this be surfeited at once, before it has had time to be replaced by the loftier incentive which love of art for art's sake gives, the consequences are sometimes disastrous. We deemed it fortunate, therefore, for Mr. Swinburne's future and abiding reputation when the favoring gales of eulogy, which, awakened by the *Atalanta*, were strong enough to waft him through the perceptible decadence of *Chastelard* and the still greater falling-off of *The Queen Mother*, found rude but wholesome change in the tempest of condemnation that greeted his *Poems and Ballads*. The critics who had extolled him most were now severest in denunciation, judging him most unjustly by a standard which was not his own, but one they had foisted upon him; and the acerbity of his reply proves how keenly he felt their strictures. His evident sensitiveness led us to hope

that his next effort would be a more triumphant refutation of hostile criticism than his pamphlet, in so far as showing one can do better is more conclusive than saying one has done well. Perhaps the very extent of our expectations may account, in some degree, for the disappointment which the *Song of Italy* has given us; perhaps, in at least an equal degree, the nature of the subject; but it certainly strikes us as being very far from an advance on its predecessor except in point of decency. On the score of literary merit it is not less superior to the worst of the *Poems and Ballads* than it is inferior to the best—to *Dolores*, the *Hymn to Proserpine*, *The Triumph of Time*. With only some of Mr. Swinburne's characteristic beauties, it has nearly all of his characteristic faults; with much of his rhythmical melody, his splendid rhetoric, and impassioned earnestness, we find even more of his frequently effective but tiresomely frequent alliteration, his monotony of metaphor, his occasional subordination of sense to sound, his vagueness and complicated obscurity of inversion. To give examples of all these faults would be superfluous, since the attentive reader can scarcely fail to remark them; we will merely instance the repeated figurative use of flowers, which here, as everywhere, Mr. Swinburne deals in most largely of all the poetic commonplaces, and in the *Song of Italy* introduces more than a score of times and in every conceivable shape. We have the skies "unfolding like as flowers," tears falling "as flowers," "flower-like breath and bosom," dead "fair as flowers," a "flower of flags," fame "fair as flowers," Florence "fair as any flowering tree," "red ruin quickening into flowers," while Italy is from time to time freedom's "flower," "the lily of lands," "white rose of time," "flower for a crowned god's forehead;" in short, there is hardly a person or place mentioned in the poem wherein Mr. Swinburne does not detect some similarity to a flower. This profusion of fragrance becomes after a while overpowering, and we are tempted to say with Mr. Swinburne himself—

"Is it not here, the flower,  
Is it not blown and fragrant from the root,  
And shall not be the fruit?"

From the blossoms of five books we have certainly a right to expect it; we may hope, perhaps, for a bountiful harvest hereafter. We trust, too, that Mr. Swinburne may learn in time that words were not given to conceal ideas, and so spare us many passages like this:

"And highest in heaven, a mother and full of grace,  
With no more covered face,  
With no more lifted hands and bended knees,  
Rose, as from sacred seas  
Love, when old time was full of plenteous springs,  
That fairest-born of things,  
The land that holds the rest in tender thrall  
For love's sake in them all,  
That binds with words and holds with eyes and hands  
All hearts in all men's lands."

Here, when after wading through "sacred seas," we touch "the land" at last, we have straightway to struggle back again through a perfect wilderness of commas to persuade ourselves that the land has any business there at all, and to find that it is in apposition with "a mother" six lines above. Now this we consider a grave artistic defect. Nowhere more than in lyrical poetry should the construction be free, flowing, untrammelled, that the mind, grasping the sense without an effort, may give itself up to the current of its emotion. To have to go back through a dozen lines to pick up the thread of the argument is likely to damp any but the intensest lyrical fervor. The song, moreover, is pitched in so high a key that we are painfully sensible at times of the same certain spasmodic straining that makes us often tremble at concerts lest, any moment, that poor tenor may break down. Mr. Swinburne's voice, to continue the musical metaphor, is a trifle shrill in the upper register, so that what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the *lyrical cry* now and then becomes, in the words of the poem itself, "a howl for all its song." We are somehow irresistibly reminded in reading it of that picture in *The Session of the Poets* as reported in *The Spectator*:

"Up jumped, with his neck stretching out like a gander,  
Master Swinburne, and squealed, glaring out thro' his hair,  
'All virtue is bosh! Hallelujah for Landor!  
I disbelieve wholly in everything! There I!'"

Substitute Mazzini for Landor and we have very nearly the impression left on us by the *Song of Italy*. The whole poem is simply a frantic pean in honor of that eminent Italian exile. Mazzini is Italy, Italy is freedom, freedom is the *summum bonum*—the one desirable thing. Take away Mazzini and Italy, and the world is not worth living in—an inferior world at best, but in that case deprived of its last faint glimmer of fading light. This is the doctrine which Mr. Swinburne vociferates

\* *A Song of Italy*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: John Camden Hotten. 1867.



through eight hundred lines of his latest work. And doubtless those who are content to accept M. Mazzini as "their prophet and their priest," who see in him always the patriot and often the martyr, never the wilful self-seeker and factious opponent of every scheme for Italy's redemption unfathered by him, who believe in the divine right of assassinating kings and define freedom as lawless license, will find it very much to their taste and give it their most fervid and sincerest admiration. Probably it is necessary to be a partisan of M. Mazzini to fully appreciate the beauty of that apotheosis of murder which makes so prominent a feature of the poem. Yet, on the other hand, even they who have no sympathy with M. Mazzini, who have more faith in the Italian sky than the Italian character, and are sometimes vexed with misgivings as to the completeness of the regeneration and the stability of the freedom which Italy could but half win for herself, may find much to praise as well as to blame in this chant of her travail and her triumph. Mr. Swinburne has not often written more energetic lines than these:

"Strange travail and strong pains,  
Our mother, hast thou borne these many years,  
While thy pure blood and tears  
Mixed with the Tyrrhene and the Adrian sea;  
Light things were said of thee,  
As of one buried deep among the dead;  
Yea, she hath been, they said,  
She was when time was younger, and is not:  
The very cerecloths rot  
That flutter in the dusty wind of death,  
Not moving with her breath;  
Far seasons and forgotten years enfold  
Her dead corpse old and cold  
With many windy winters and pale springs;  
She is none of this world's things.  
Though her dead head like a live garland wear  
The golden-growing hair  
That flows over her breast down to her feet,  
Dead queens, whose life was sweet  
In sight of all men living, have been found  
So cold, so clad, so crowned,  
With all things faded and with one thing fair,  
Their old immortal hair,  
When flesh and bone turned dust at touch of day:  
And she is dead as they.  
So men said sadly, mocking; so the slave,  
Whose life was his soul's grave:  
So, pale or red with change of fast and feast,  
The sanguine-sandalled priest;  
So the Austrian, when his fortune came to flood,  
And the warm wave was blood;  
With wings that widened and with beak that smote,  
So shrieked through either throat  
From the hot horror of its northern nest  
That doubled-headed pest;  
So, triple-crowned with fear and fraud and shame,  
He of whom treason came,  
The herdsman of the Gadarean swine;  
So all his ravening kine,  
Made fat with poisonous pasture; so not we,  
Mother, beholding thee."

The apostrophe to Garibaldi also, beginning,

"Thou, too, O splendor of the sudden sword," etc.,

which has been so much quoted and praised is a good specimen of the brilliant rhetoric which Mr. Swinburne so greatly affects and of which he is so complete a master. Still finer, perhaps, is the following:

"More than thy blind lord of an hundred years,  
Whose name our memory hears,  
Home-bound from harbors of the Byzantine  
Made tributary of thine,  
Praise him who gave no gifts from oversea,  
But gave thyself to thee.  
O mother Genoa, through all years that run,  
More than that other son,  
Who first beyond the seals of sunset prest  
Even to the unforgotten west,  
Whose back-blown flag scared from their sheltering seas  
The unknown Atlantes,  
And as flame climbs through cloud and vapor clomb  
Through streams of storm and foam,  
Till half in sight they saw land heave and swim—  
More than this man praise him.  
One found a world new-born from virgin sea;  
And one found Italy."

The lines we have italicized are especially good. The following charming simile shows how well Mr. Swinburne can handle other metaphorical materials than flowers:

"From sleeping streets and gardens, and the stream  
That threads them as a dream  
Threads without light the untravelled ways of sleep  
With eyes that smile or weep."

Superb, too, is the description of

"The maiden face of fame  
Like April in Valdeira; fair as flowers,  
And patient as the hours;  
Sad with slow sense of time, and bright with faith  
That levels life and death;  
The final fame, that with a foot sublime  
Treads down reluctant time;  
The fame that waits and watches and is wise,

A virgin with chaste eyes,  
A goddess who takes hands with great men's grief."

But the crowning glory of the poem, to our thinking, is the invocation to Italy to be merciful on her oppressor:

"These, whose least evil told in alien ears  
Turned men's whole blood to tears,  
These, whose least sin remembered for pure shame  
Turned all those tears to flame,  
Even upon these, when breaks the extreme blow  
And all the world cries woe,  
On these, on these have mercy: not in hate,  
But full of sacred fate,  
Strong from the shrine and splendid from the God,  
Smite, with no second rod.  
Because they spared not, do thou rather spare:  
Be not one thing they were.  
Let not one tongue of theirs who hate thee say  
That thou wast even as they.  
Because their hands were bloody, be thine white;  
Show light where they shed night:  
Because they are foul be thou the rather pure;  
Because they are feeble, endure;  
Because they had no pity, have thou pity."

There is an almost Scriptural grandeur in the solemn cadence of these last lines.

Were the *Song of Italy* a first book we should hail it as a work of remarkable promise; being a fifth, we are inclined to be more chary of our commendation. Mr. Swinburne, with the rich beauty of his diction and the rare music of his rhythm, contrives to throw around everything he touches such a glamour of light and life and color, such a glow of stars, a sweep of words and swing of seas, that it is hard to resist being carried away by the intoxication of his voluptuous melody; we are fain to read on delighted, and it is only when we go back and ask ourselves what it means that we realize how far the workmanship often surpasses the materials. Judged critically and dispassionately, we do not think the *Song of Italy* up to the standard which Mr. Swinburne has set in his best work, and by which alone we are confident he would desire to be judged; it is certainly very far from that excellence of which he has led us to believe him capable. That he has before him a brilliant future we do not doubt—we have never doubted. He is yet young, and no greater poet has ever written at his age more splendid verse. But it is surely time that he should begin to realize some of our anticipations, to justify our faith by an advance, however slight, from the position which his first and best book gave him and which none of his later productions have improved. To win a place beside Tennyson and Browning needs something better than *A Song of Italy*.

#### FATHERS AND SONS.\*

IN spite of its unphilosophic character, most readers of this novel, we think, will be willing to confess to a first feeling of surprise, not unlike the happy astonishment of Addison when he heard the little children in France speaking French with such facility. Even the Russians are "enlightened!" Of course we all know very well, without being told so by Eugene Vasilitch (the hero), that men resemble each other; and yet we were hardly prepared to find in Russia such old acquaintances as are here so cleverly presented to us. Respectable old men who believe in "principles," and, though not altogether opposed to progress, are still a little reluctant to give up all the advantages of civilization; fathers who try hard to understand their sons, and are yet secretly uneasy; sons who honor their fathers by criticising them; conservatives, reformers, materialists, nihilists, Pre-Raphaelites, and the rest are all present or near at hand; even the "emancipated woman" is not wanting—the emancipated woman who takes an interest in the woman question; who drinks champagne and sighs over feminine want of "elevation;" who will permit that Emerson shall be compared with George Sand, for the latter is "behind the age;" who smokes cigarettes and says, "Gentlemen, let us talk of love;" who discusses marriage, "Is it a prejudice or a crime?" who is indeed, as Sitnikof says of her, "a remarkable person, a phenomenon of high morality."

But the "emancipated" woman is only of the background. The real figure of the story is Eugene Vasilitch—or Bazarof, as he is otherwise called—a young doctor, a materialist, a nihilist, whose boast, or rather whose assertion, it is—for Eugene is not a boaster—that he accepts no authority and believes in nothing. Flippant believers in nothing are common, even honest unbelievers are not so rare as once, perhaps; but Eugene is an unusual character, at least in novels.

Those who have read Clough's *Amours de Voyage*, that wonderful poem in which the uncertain voices, the

\* *Fathers and Sons: A Novel.* By Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

confused and unavailing cries of a perplexed and restless soul find utterance, are acquainted, more or less intimately according to the degree of their sympathy, with the expression of what, perhaps, is scepticism proper—that kind of unbelief which for ever hangs hovering undecided over the questions which irresistibly attract it, which it can no more resolve than it can avoid; differing from the scepticism of Montaigne, which is rather indifferentism, in this, that the scales are not evenly balanced, and that it is self-tormenting always, because always weak and conscious of its weakness. But Bazarof is not one of these sensitive natures—he is not weak, he is not undecided; he is active, aggressive, positive—a materialist after Buchner, though, characteristically enough, he professes to care as little for Buchner as for any other master, and even dislikes the flavor of the word philosophy as smacking too much of romanticism. This disposition is, of course, a little cynical; and when we add that he lives and dies without being converted to sentimentality, it may seem somewhat strange that such a person should be chosen for the hero of a novel. Such he is, however, and as such interesting, though not so interesting, we think, as he might have been made. Of course it is neither to be expected nor desired that a writer should attempt to do full justice to a philosophic system in a novel. But, without this, certainly a novelist need not lack abundant material for making an attractive story about just such a person as Eugene. Times of transition must always be full of interesting incidents; uniformity is disturbed, there is agitation no less in old things than in new, the ordinary relations of life take another appearance and a greater significance, the most commonplace subjects demand a new treatment, love-making, friendship, the family, and even the every-day manners of men, are included in the movement and affected by it. It is, then, not possible for a young man in the midst of all this agitation to be unchanged as a son or a lover or a friend. And yet it is likely that he is or will be all of these. However much at variance he may be with the actual life surrounding him, he is still in it, and indeed of it, and he cannot escape from it. Could a writer, then, give us an adequate presentation of those portions of the life of a man thus situated, which are well fitted for the treatment of a novelist, there can be no question that his book would be both interesting and valuable.

*Fathers and Sons* is not, and perhaps was not intended to be, such a novel. It is interesting and suggestive, but as a novel of character not very impressive—a clever sketch rather than a fine creation. Its story is briefly this: Bazarof and Arcadi, his friend and disciple who has just taken the degree of "candidate" at the University of St. Petersburg, are returning to the home of the latter, where Bazarof is to make a visit. At X. they are met by Arcadi's father, a quiet, middle-aged man and a widower, with an affectionate memory of an excellent wife, whose only child was this son whom he is impatient to embrace after his long absence. The good old man may well be a little anxious, but there is not much danger. At the first meeting, which is affectionate, it is evident at once, to the reader at least, that this handsome young candidate is rather the friendly echo than the intellectual disciple of Bazarof, for it is only after the first emotion is over that his philosophy can really get a chance to show itself, and it is very amusing in the subsequent conversations to remark how hard it is for him to keep in that state of elevated coolness which should distinguish one who has taken up his abode in the shadow of the new philosophy.

"How pure!" he says, after many questions about the old place; "how pure the air is one breathes here! how sweet it is! I really believe that this delicious odor is peculiar to our country! and how the sky—"

Arcadi stopped short, threw a timid glance behind the carriage, and was silent.

"No doubt," answered Nicholas Petrovitch; "you were born here, and consequently in your eyes everything ought to have—"

"The place where a man is born makes no difference," interrupted Arcadi.

Bazarof remains some weeks at the house of Arcadi, where he studies, takes long walks, dissects frogs, experiments in chemistry, and, comically supported by his young admirer, has scornful disputes with Arcadi's uncle, a retired man of fashion with elegant manners, who has a most undisguised and hearty dislike of the "nihilist." Thence, after Arcadi, taking an affectionate interest in the mental welfare of his father, has persuaded him to give up reading the poems of Pushkin and attempt a copy of Buchner's *Matter and Force* instead (it is written in popular language, says the young man)—thence the two friends go to X. to see a relation, and here, after the interview, already mentioned, with the "emancipated woman," whom Bazarof, by the way, finds not to his taste,



they meet a lady at a party who is destined to prove to Bazarof that there are situations in life for which even he is not prepared, that even he can absurdly long for something, and, longing, lose possession of himself and become restless and uncertain.

This is Mme. Odintsof, a beautiful young widow, who, after an unfortunate marriage, is now living in retirement, desirous of nothing so much as repose, unless perhaps of an "entire satisfaction." Frank and independent in her manners, neither indifferent nor curious, but, as it were, expectant, she seems to be one of those interesting women whose real nature, partially hidden, seems always about to declare itself—a promising character which excites the curiosity of the reader, charms Arcadi, and affects Bazarof to such a degree that in spite of himself he finds his whole life violently interrupted by this strange influence, for which his experience has but imperfectly prepared him. At her country place, to which they are subsequently invited, while the love of Arcadi, yielding to the force of circumstances, "juxtaposition, in short," is gradually and naturally passing to Katia, a younger sister of the lady, that of Bazarof, on the contrary, growing steadily stronger, overpowers him at last and forces him impetuously to declare his passion. But Mme. Odintsof recoils before that new life so suddenly brought near to her; he is refused, though not absolutely it would seem, and, ashamed of being in the power of a woman whom he cannot equally influence, resolves to leave her, and, taking Arcadi with him, goes directly to his own home. At his home—of which and of his delightful old father and mother, with their quaint, old-fashioned manners and affectionate ways, the author gives a description which for simple naturalness and pathetic significance is as charming almost as a poem—at home, however, he cannot remain, and in spite of timid remonstrances, which seem more affecting to the reader, we are afraid, than to Eugene, he cuts short his visit and goes—straight to Mme. Odintsof. He is received but coolly, and so, without stopping, continues his journey to the house of his friend. The rest is soon told. Arcadi, finding a convenient pretext, goes back after a little while, to quickly change an alien philosophy for a congenial passion, and spends his days in making love to Katia. Eugene stays at the farm and studies chemistry, till soon a natural but rather unexpected incident makes it necessary for him to depart, after having given the old uncle an opportunity to show himself at his very best and procured him the satisfaction of being slightly wounded in a duel. Then follows another interview with Mme. Odintsof and Arcadi, in which Eugene takes leave of both—to the latter speaking some words about friendship which are worth considering. At home once more he busies himself in practising medicine, takes a fever from a patient, and dies. But this part of the story we can only allude to for fear of marring a passage to which anything short of complete quotation would be injustice. The book ends with what seems to be the author's conclusion of the whole matter, but conclusions, in spite of the proverb, are sometimes quite as costly as beginnings.

Such is a bare outline of the story, which is filled in with spirited conversations and some admirable descriptions of persons and places. But, as we have already said, it is a little disappointing; like Mme. Odintsof, it never quite fulfils the promises that we cannot help associating with it. That it is not a novel with an expressed purpose is in its favor, but that it lacks sequence and a determined end is against it. It is doubtless not an easy thing to provide proper work for such a character as Eugene; but having once called for him, it seems rather hard that nothing better can be found for him to do than to show only the unattractive and, we cannot but think, also the least essential qualities of his growing condition, and then die. It is as if the author had found this man too much for him, for his death is by no means necessary, except to help the story to an unsatisfactory ending. The character of Bazarof he appears to have studied only from without, we get only one side of him; but there is an underlying and reforming sweetness in these outwardly stern natures, gifted with a power, which the world thinks dangerous, of seeing too far beneath the surfaces, which the author has not given; at times he seems to have felt its existence, but never strongly enough to be able to render it. There is consequently a want of that genuine sympathy with his hero, whether good or bad, which a true artist always has, that would make us doubt the author's powers as an artist, even if the novel as a whole were more complete.

So much it seems necessary to say with regard to the entire story; but, however unsatisfactory it may be as a whole, it is fortunate for us who care to know what manner of men the Russians are in ordinary life that *Fathers and Sons* is so full of life-like sketches of scenery and people. These are excellent—so good indeed that, if the

book were not otherwise interesting, it would still be well worth all the labor which the translator has bestowed upon it. Its author has evidently a familiar acquaintance and a real sympathy with the usual life of the people about him of all classes, and painting, as he does, after the realistic method, he brings us surprisingly near to those genuine characteristics which almost all travellers either neglect or exaggerate, and which but few natives even succeed in happily describing.

As to the rest, we wish that our knowledge of the language were sufficient to qualify us to speak with authority of a translation which we are sure is admirable. But though it is not for all of us to know Russian, it is certainly of importance that, if possible, we should have some acquaintance with that most essential part of the life of a great nation which is to be acquired only from its literature. It is, therefore, a real service which Mr. Schnyler has rendered. We congratulate him on his success in a difficult undertaking, and trust that, beside his own zealous love for letters, he may find additional inducement to continue his labors in a field for which he has shown himself so excellently fitted.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

**COMING Wonders expected between 1867 and 1875, etc.** By the Rev. M. Baxter, author of *The Coming Battle* and *Louis Napoleon*. Philadelphia: James S. Claxton. 1867.—This book forces on the mind a dilemma from which there is no escape. Either St. John or the Rev. M. Baxter had a screw loose. We have adopted our alternative; readers can decide for themselves.

There is a magnificence of absurdity about the volume that is almost respectable. Beyond comparison it is the maddest trash we ever failed to read; for we own we have not read it through. No man, we assert, ever did, and remained sane. Mr. Claxton is culpable to the last degree if he did not distribute its crazing powers among at least fifty proof-readers, and even then we ourselves should hesitate to trust any one of the fifty with a razor. The work is so very queer that we have at times fancied it a subtle, ponderous satire on hermeneutics. It meets every requirement of the grotesque and arabesque. When the reader—or inspector—has done with its Barnum's Museum of wood engravings—Louis Napoleon, of course, snorting Rozinantes, dragons fiercer than those depicted on hearth-rugs, skeletons with witches riding behind them and holding on by their false ribs, two-horned, seven-headed, and nine-or-ten-tailed wild beasts, angels, devils, and diagrams, he can turn to the text and find it just as entertaining. Our author, in fact, completely abolishes the future and does away with history, substituting a tremendous mechanism of his own of seals, trumpets, vials in various stages of corkage, locusts from the very warm religious climates, the scarlet woman, other women less scarlet, divers man-children apparently fatherless, wars, pestilences, famines, death, fire, brimstone, and other standard moral appliances to keep the world stirring. It is Ptolemy's cycles and epicycles over again. By means of this prophecy-machine he grinds out coming events as Mr. Babbage does figures with his calculator. At any rate, we of the press are told some truths decidedly worth knowing. If the intelligent and reliable contraband who brings Mr. Baxter's private advices from—wherever he gets them, be not misinformed, there are some good times coming for journalists—warm times when local reporters shall be no more, and items can be had at some slight risk of life by protruding the editorial head from the editorial window; while the latest intelligence from the four-horned kingdoms, the mortality reports of the scorpion-locust districts, the un-bottling of a fresh vial of wrath every two weeks or so, and the fashion reports of the foolish virgins at the court of Antichrist, will work off papers like hot cakes. Finally, at the battle of Armageddon all the ungodly are to be slain, which will at once weed out all the non-paying subscribers. On the whole, we rather like the prospect, and have pretty much decided to stop exchanging with religious papers, invest all our and our lending friends' spare cash, if Mr. Bennett will only condescend to accept it, in a fractional interest in *The New York Herald* (which must become the court journal in those days), and stick to journalism with heart of grace and great expectations.

Every now and then, though, we have a horrid suspicion of method in Mr. Baxter's madness. For a prophet and a foreigner, the following from the preface, is strangely like the astute sanity of the New Englander: "Believers in these views will find the pamphlets—*The Coming Battle* (32 pages, 2d.) and the twenty-cent abridgement of the Napoleon treatise (96 pages)—very useful for distribution in their respective neighborhoods. It may also be mentioned that as it is the author's aim to send gratuitously one or other of these pamphlets to as many ministers as possible, especially in country places and distant colonies where such information is not easily obtainable, and particularly during the present postal facilities for spreading information, before they are greatly impeded by approaching wars and revolutions; with this object, any sum of money can be sent to him. Post-office Box No. 1199, Philadelphia, for the gratis circulation of these prophetic works, by persons who may wish thus to help in disseminating these views." Perhaps people may be caught sending "any sum of money" to Box 1199, but we rather think it would be somewhere near their tenth horn.

The most interesting to us, though, of all Mr. B.'s prognostications is one at p. 63 in *notis*, in which our national status is expounded with all the originality and freshness which so charmingly characterize the political

economy of clergymen in general. "Nor is America," says Mr. B., "uninterested in the coming combination of the Latin nations under Napoleon. He can never be expected permanently to relinquish Mexico, for it is merely a base of operations for the acquisition of much more trans-Atlantic territory. Any attempt on the part of the United States to drive them from Mexican soil can only draw upon them sooner than otherwise those ruinous calamities which must shortly befall every Protestant community, in order to establish everywhere the three-and-a-half years' Napoleonic and Romish dominion. Without the addition of a disastrous struggle with so powerful and wily a monarch, they are already confronted by quite sufficient difficulties in the heavy burdens bequeathed by the late war, the unabated strife of political parties, and the portentous growth of Fenianism, the most threatening organization of modern times, and which, knitting all the Irish into a compact coalition, bids fair to give them predominating power in the United States, and in the end to bring it under the supremacy of Napoleon, to whose service the sons of Erin will ardently devote themselves when his European projects shall be seen to correspond with their aspirations regarding Ireland."

There is but one other man in the world who could equal this, and that is the Prof. A. E. Thatcher who has lately been discounting our weather for us. In conclusion, we find the greatest of all the wonders about the book to be that any man having run mad enough to write it, another man should go crazy enough to publish it.

**The Romance of Beauseincourt.** By the author of *The Household of Bouverie*. New York: G. W. Carleton. 1867.—It is not an uncommon thing in this country as well as in many parts of Europe to find notices posted in conspicuous places warning the passers-by that they are forbidden to trespass upon some piece of private property. In some instances the extreme beauty and cultivation of the land offer strong temptation to the lovers of nature to overstep the boundaries and incur the prescribed penalties of their temerity; but as frequently it occurs that the prohibition applies to damp and muddy enclosures, where stagnant pools and noisome weeds afford ample security against intruders; so, in like manner, when we find a narrative of unusual beauty or pathos, we are apt sometimes to exceed the province of reviewers, and instead of simply affording our readers such glimpses of the story as may be needful to render the criticism intelligible, we give them such lengthy extracts as to awaken an immediate desire on their part to possess the whole work; but the morbid anatomy of crime affords us no temptation to transgress, a wearisome analysis of the worst emotions of our nature is by no means attractive, and exaggerated details serve only to create a feeling of regret at the waste of power they necessarily involve. We are led to these remarks by a careful perusal of the complicated story before us and by the following request contained in the preface:

"The critic is requested, whether friend or foe—and of both I shall hope to have my share—to forbear honorably from forestalling the interest of this romance, by throwing down the clue of the story, as it is too much the habit of the 'Druids of the Press' to do in these analytical days."

We cheerfully comply with the author's wishes, and are glad to be relieved from the necessity of touching upon one very revolting feature in the narrative—a monstrous freak of nature, the description of which would find a more fitting place in the catalogues of anatomical museums than in the pages of a popular novel. Towards the close of the volume we find these original and somewhat suggestive remarks on the uses of hands and gloves:

"There is so much character, too, in hands, setting aside their beauty, and the positive necessity of cleanliness which exposure enjoins, that I wonder how any man wishing to produce an impression as a conversationalist should discard the use of such auxiliaries. It may be a prejudice of mine, but I believe that the superior elegance of form and grace of motion of the southern hand, as a general thing, arises from the complete contempt of gloves, and the consequent freedom of gesture coincident with impulse."

The inference in the preface, that a critic must of necessity be either "friend or foe," leads us to the consideration of a great mistake which artists as well as authors are apt to fall into, of regarding adverse criticism as an evidence of personal enmity. Nothing can be more unjust on the one hand, or a more fatal barrier to improvement on the other; but, even at the risk of being misjudged, we are compelled to say that the present production is unhealthy, unnatural, and particularly unpleasant.

**The Rector's Wife; or, The Valley of a Hundred Fires.** By the author of *Queen of the County*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1867.—This is a most pleasing story of domestic life, in the delineation of which the author evidently excels. The scene is laid in one of the rural districts of Wales, in the midst of some of its loveliest scenery, and the characters are drawn with so much simplicity and evident truthfulness that we at once recognize them as actual beings, in whose presence we delight, whose pleasures and interests we are glad to share, whose trials and sorrows are reflected in our own hearts. The excellent pastor, with his honest zeal, his passionate love of nature, his tender and genuine appreciation of all that is good and worthy in mankind, and his devoted and beautiful and helpful wife, make conquest of our affections when they arrive in Wales with their baby and take possession of their country home, and throughout a long and not particularly eventful life, marked only by the chances and changes common to us all, we are content to bear them company, and part from them regretfully at the close. There is no pretence whatever of a plot, but the record of lives worthily spent, and of sorrows borne with fortitude, can never fail to interest the reader, if the author be careful to avoid the unpardonable sin of being wearisome, and in the present instance there is so much variety thrown round the several scenes and descriptions that, without being bril-



liant, they are agreeable and often impressive. The grief of the good pastor at the accident which happens to his beloved son, and subsequently at his loss, is described with quiet pathos. The scene in which the poor lad submits to a terrible operation is perhaps the most touching, and the cheerful gathering when, after fifty years of married life, the worthy pair celebrate their golden wedding induces the reader to wish he could join so charming a circle.

*An Elementary Treatise on American Grape Culture and Wine-Making.* By Peter B. Mead. New York: Harper & Bros. 1867.—This is certainly the most complete work on the subject of the cultivation of the grape which has yet been produced in this country and we are glad to see that the interest in this most useful and profitable pursuit is so great as to warrant the publication of this and numerous other treatises which have appeared on the same subject.

Mr. Mead has not occupied much of his book with theories, but has produced a practical work which is admirably suited to become a guide for all engaged in rearing the vine; and though it is in a great measure elementary, it is very far from being superficial. Every subject considered is dwelt upon with conciseness but yet with sufficient amplitude and perspicuity.

Americans are beginning to understand the great advantages their climate and soil possess for bringing the grape to perfection. There is one point, however, which all those who turn their attention to the subject have not yet sufficiently learned, and that is, the advisability of devoting their energies to developing our own native grapes instead of wasting them in vain attempts to naturalize foreign varieties. The Isabella, the Concord, the Catawba, the Diana, the Delaware, and many others are naturally unsurpassed by any exotic species or varieties, and only want care and skill to develop their capabilities to the utmost degree of perfection. Besides, they are in their own natural soil and climate—circumstances which are of very great importance, as every botanist knows.

There is no point connected with grape culture which Mr. Mead has not considered. His book is not a treatise on wine-making—a subject which of itself requires a volume for its treatment—and hence very little space is devoted to this most interesting branch of knowledge.

It is unfortunate that as yet no ready and effectual means has been devised for destroying the various species of insects which prey upon the leaves or fruit of the vine. Mr. Mead gives a good deal of space to the consideration of the methods for treating the diseases to which the vine is subject, and for getting rid of the various bugs and caterpillars which infest it. Doubtless he tells us all that is known on the subject, yet it is evident that he is not altogether satisfied with the efficacy of his armamentarium. We know from experience the difficulties in the way of success, and have had many a fine and promising crop almost destroyed by these pests.

The illustrations in Mr. Mead's book constitute an important portion. They are admirably drawn, and are faithful delineations of the things they represent. The publishers have done their work well, and altogether the volume is creditable to all concerned. We regard such books as that before us as of great importance, and we look forward hopefully and pleasantly to the day when whiskey and other spirituous liquors will be in comparative disuse among us, and the pure and invigorating juice of our own grapes will find a place upon both the sumptuous and the frugal table.

*Treatment of Fractures of the Lower Extremity by the Use of the Anterior Suspensory Apparatus.* By N. R. Smith, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1867.—The volume before us is essentially a reproduction in book-form of an article that was originally contributed by Prof. Smith to *The American Journal of Medical Science* for April, 1861, and to which he now adds a number of illustrative cases. The great value of his plan of treating fractures of the lower extremities is fully proven by the experience of surgeons during the past few years, and we are safe in asserting that it is one of the most valuable improvements in surgical practice that has been devised during the century. Indeed, the anterior wire splint, and Buck's apparatus, which is still more beautiful in its simplicity, are so far in advance of all other methods for treatment of fractures of the thigh, that we should deem the surgeon guilty of almost criminal ignorance who is not fully acquainted with the merits of these instruments, and prepared to use them, in the large class of cases where in experience has demonstrated their superiority over the cumbersome and uncomfortable splints of former years. Dr. Smith's book contains full and careful descriptions of the instrument and its mode of application, and points out the cases to which it is particularly adapted. The coarse wood-cuts are sadly out of keeping with the superb paper and elegant typography of the volume in question; and these, with the publishers' appended catalogue of twenty-eight pages of medical books that can as readily be obtained at any well-appointed medical bookstore in the country, are, in our estimation, very serious and objectionable defects in what would otherwise be a charming specimen of book-making.

*I. The Castons: A Family Picture.* By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.—II. *Pelham*; or, *Adventures of a Gentleman.* The same. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—These pleasant little volumes are the first issues of the promised *Globe Edition* of Bulwer. To talk about the merits of Lord Lytton's novels would be idle, since the point is one on which everybody's mind is long since made up. At any rate, *The Castons* is a very different work from those constituting the long array which preceded it, and one which must be read with delight as would also its two successors, *My Novel* and *What Will He Do With It*, if one could only divest himself of the impression that they are merely the same thing dressed

out in new clothes. Four, at least, of these novels, including the two before us, are worth reading, and probably all of them are sure to find numerous readers for a long time to come. To such we can commend the *Globe Edition* as a triumph of inexpensive book-making. Printed on a thin but clear paper, with large, well-led type that it is a pleasure to read, though with many more pages than the *Tauchnitz Edition*, the thickness of these volumes is as nearly as may be the same. We perceive in them also notes that are not contained in that edition. On the whole they are very sightly little books, and convey a pleasing assurance of a return to something like ante-war prices, without any accompanying decline from our publishers' recent progress in the quality of their manufactures.

*Good Samaritans: A Poem.* By Thomas Buchanan Read. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1867.—Making all allowance for the tremendous pace of western progress, we did not think Cincinnati could give us such a really elegant bit of printing. From the frontispiece—an affecting scene representing a gentleman arrayed in striped lilac bed-tick à la Sahara, with turban to match, emptying a vial against the flank of another gentleman attired principally in *cutis humana*—to the gilt-framing round the last page, the type, the illuminating, the paper, all the mechanical details, are uncommonly handsome and tasteful.

And the poem is a nice poem—a very nice poem. We mean to take it over to our friend Smith's, and give it to the young ladies to read on Saturday, when they will have time. We think they will like it. The ladies for whom it was written and delivered liked it very much, and sent Mr. Read (*vide p. 7*) a note and a bouquet about it. It introduces in strophes—one to a strophe—Flowers, Music, Water, Sleep, Your Best Friend, Trust in God, and the Nuns of the Alps, all in the character of good Samaritans healing the wounds of an equally varied assortment of thieves; and eighthly, and to conclude, exhorts the United States to take pattern by "the watchful brothers of Bernard," and be a good Samaritan, too; which, as soon as the Cabinet reads this poem, will probably take place. For ourselves, we do not find our previous estimate of Mr. Read materially altered or affected as yet by its perusal. The most exact expression of our opinion, and one of the most tersely comprehensive critical aphorisms we have ever met with, is that of the lady (it is evidently a lady) who has done the preface. "Among all the minor poems of Mr. Read," says she, "*the Good Samaritans* will ever hold the first rank"—in minority.

*Some Suggestions concerning the Nature and Treatment of Decay of the Teeth.* By Robert Arthur, M.D., D.D.S. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1866.—Dr. Arthur's little book is written in a pleasing style, intelligible to the non-professional reader, for whom it is specially intended. His purpose is to show that decay of the teeth occurs in a very large proportion of cases at those points where the teeth come in contact with each other, and at such points this decay may be permanently arrested by simply separating the approximated surfaces and removing the decayed portion. Experience certainly warrants him in this statement, as we have had occasion many times to observe. The importance of a careful attention to the condition of the teeth, especially in children, cannot be over-estimated, as much unnecessary suffering and disfigurement may thereby be readily prevented; and the timely advice given in this little volume cannot fail to be of service.

## MAGAZINES.

*The Catholic World* for July shows the same steady advance that we have had occasion to remark before. The selections from foreign periodicals are made with taste and discretion, and the original articles, which we are glad to see increasing and improving with every number, are marked by variety of interest and vigor of thought. The article on *Indissolubility of Marriage* is a clearly-written and forcible résumé of the Catholic reasoning against divorce; and the story of *The Two Lovers of Flavia Domitilla* is a much cleverer attempt than usual to fail in giving us what Bulwer and Becker and Kingsley and so many others have failed to give—a classical fiction which shall be at once accurate and life-like. The incidents are interesting and natural, and the author shows good taste, we think, in his forbearance from the Latinisms which disfigure *The Last Days of Pompeii*. The reviews of *The Catholic World* are almost always good; those of the Abbé Guettée's *Papacy Schismatic* and of *Adelaide Anne Procter* in the present number especially so. The former, though of course differing widely in its conclusions from the notice of the same work recently published in *The Round Table*, is an interesting exposition of the other side of the question; and the latter exhibits a nice critical appreciation, sound judgement, and sprightliness of style which are not fatiguingly common in American writing. The original poetry is ground out of the same surprising mill in which *The Catholic World* seems to have an unenviable monopoly and, to express mildly our dissatisfaction, is by no means equal to its prose. In all respects but this it compares favorably with other American monthlies, and is laudably free from the dulness and monotony wherewith religious periodicals generally pay the penalty of their devotion to a specialty.

*London Society* for June is a fair number of that showy and taking magazine. The sketches of English society contained in it have a certain value arising from their being, in general, written from within and not from without the circles they attempt to describe. The consequences of people writing, as they most frequently do, from the latter standpoint, are familiar in a thousand novels and social sketches, and they are neither instructive nor gratifying. Some of the papers in *London Society* are puerile enough, but there is an air of good breeding and *savoir faire* about them which, in this community, may obviously be of real service. What our people, and

especially, of course, our new rich, want, is *manner*; a thing which is not perhaps to be entirely gained from stories and sketches, but some approximation to it may be, or at least a gradual enlightenment about the deficiency which will in time lead to its being supplied. Hurd & Houghton put this magazine on the market in beautiful style and the illustrations are often particularly good.

*The National Quarterly Review* for June maintains its reputation for solid and deliberate exposition. The articles are instructive and readable and some among them have much value. *The Ancient Phœnicians and their Civilization* may be classed in this category, and *The Ornithology of North America* imparts a great deal of useful information in a very attractive style. *Virgil and his new Translator*—meaning Mr. Conington—is a thoughtful and laborious paper, marred in parts by a certain turgidity of manner and a disposition to the hypercritical. *The Release of Jefferson Davis*, etc., takes mainly ground on a much mooted topic, and the article on *Fichte and his Philosophy* is timely, since Mr. Kroeger's new translation is now about to appear. On the whole the present issue of *The National Quarterly* is above its average in scope, force, and variety.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, Lady Marsabout's Troubles, and other Stories. By "Ouida," author of *Idalia*, etc. Pp. 389. 1867.  
Metecore Astronomy. By Daniel Kirkwood, LL.D. Pp. 129. 1867.  
Pelham. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Pp. 365, 338. 1867.  
ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co., London.—Views and Opinions. By Matthew Browne. Pp. xviii., 294. 1867. (New York: George Routledge & Sons.)  
Essays. By Dora Greenwell. Pp. 239. 1866. (New York: The same.)  
The Year of Prayer. By Henry Alford, D.D. Pp. xxxvi. 283. 1867. (The same.)  
E. B. MYERS & CHANDLER, Chicago.—Deus Homo; God-Man. By Theophilus Parsons. Pp. 455. 1867.  
GEORGE P. PHILES, New York.—The Bhāgavat-Gītā; or, Dialogues of Krīṣṇa and Arjūn. Pp. 117. 1867. (261 copies.)  
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. (Globe Edition.) 4 vols. in 1. Pp. 322, 299, 292, 324. 1867.  
ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—Curious Myths of the Middle Ages. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Pp. 255. 1867.  
T. NELSON & SONS, London, Edinburgh, and New York.—Among the Masses. By the Rev. D. Maccolll. Pp. 383. 1867.  
THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—God's Word Written. By the Rev. Edward Garrett, M.A. Pp. 372. 1867.  
Paul Venner. Pp. 371. 1867.  
The English Exile; or, William Tyndale. By Mrs. S. T. Martyn. Pp. 237. 1867.  
CLARKE & BOWRON, Chicago.—The Two Angels. In six cantos. By Thomas Clarke. Pp. 194. 1867.  
Sir Copp. In six cantos. The same. Pp. 130. 1867.  
JAMES MILLER, New York.—Miller's Guide to Saratoga Springs. Illustrated. By T. Addison Richards. Pp. 91. 1867.

## PAMPHLETS, ETC.

T. H. MORRELL, New York.—Records of the New York Stage, from 1750 to 1860. By Joseph N. Ireland. In 2 vols. Vol. II. Pp. 746. (369 copies.)  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, London and New York.—The Last of the Barons. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Lytton. Pp. xvi., 457. 1867.  
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, Edinburgh.—Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Pp. 174. 1867. New York: W. W. Swaney. Also, current issues of *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*—St. Louis; *The American Quarterly Church Review*, The Riverside Magazine, The Eclectic Magazine—New York; *The Sunday-School Teacher*—Chicago; *The Michigan University Magazine*—Ann Arbor.

## LITERARIANA.

SOME time has passed since we have been able to continue to print the variegated selection of translations which seem to have found favor with our readers. The plethoric condition of our bundle of poetical MSS. admonishes us against further postponement, and we resume with this rendering into Latin hexameters of Matthew Arnold's *Past, Present, and Future*:

O! qui fila levi citharæ percurrit aureæ  
Pallice, qui numeris frustra res queritis amplas,  
Non pudet atatis laudes et gesta peractæ  
Mirari? O! potius præsentem incumbite sæculo.  
Equis enim æstatie virides abentibus honores  
Fronibus inveniat stratis, servasse relicto  
Passeris ova petat maculis insignia (1) nido?  
Discite jam monti (2); jam quiesce a floribus aureis  
Præsentis sibi carpat opes; mox frigida brunnæ  
Hæra superveniet, perituraque lumina solis  
Aspiciet, mellisque fœtus æstate peractæ  
Expertæ (3) sobolique nihil superesse future.  
Tres nate ætati restant;—caput altera pronum  
Figit humi, propriisque sedet maie læta sub umbrâ  
Cæca contextens; illi conubia curæ  
Illusque auro vestes (4); æriorque coronæ  
Implicitis, casaque breves teneque cicute.  
Tertique avertit vultum atque incondita jactat  
Carmina, dum pueri teneræ jam matris in alvo (5)  
Ipsa breves pannis et mollia linteæ textit.  
Quarum dextra (6) negant unam tibi fata, neque illum  
Aspicas; ast una volens te nupta volentem  
Expetit; hanc unam foveas—huic totus inhere!  
Attonitos etenim referet tibi qualia sensus  
Perstringant, citharæque potens moderatur ipsa.  
Fessaque solenni mulcebit pectora cantu.

## PARALLEL ILLUSTRATIONS.

- (1) cf. Virg. Geo. iii. 56. Maculis insignis et auro.
- (2) "Virg. Æn. vi. 620. Discite justitiam monti.
- (3) "Virg. Geo. passim. Ubi de apibus "gens," "soboles," "proles," etc.
- (4) "Virg. Geo. ii. 464. Illusque auro vestes.
- (5) "Hor. O. iv. vi. 19. Etiam latentem matris in alvo.
- (6) "Virg. Æn. viii. 302. Tua dexterâ ad pede sacra secundo.

E. K. H.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 4, 1867.

Mr. W. L. Shoemaker sends us these, from the German:

## THE DWARFS AND GIANTS.

(ORIGINAL BY F. RUCKERT.)

Down went the giant's daughter to have a little play,  
From father giant's castle, wherein he sat one day.  
She found there in the valley the plough and oxen too,  
Behind them eke the peasant, quite tiny to her view.  
Ha! ha! the dwarfs and giants!  
Plough, oxen, and the peasant—for her a trifling weight—  
She took them in her apron and home she bore them straight.



Then asked old father giant, "What have you got, my dear?"  
She said, "A pretty plaything I've brought up with me here."  
Ha! ha! the dwarfs and giants!  
The father looked and muttered, "My child, that gives me pain.  
Go, put them all together down in their place again.  
For if with plough in valley the dwarf-folk labored not,  
The giants on the mountains would starve full soon, I wot!"  
Ha! ha! the dwarfs and giants!

THE HEATHER.

(ORIGINAL BY J. SEILER.)

Lonesome, endless,  
Lieth the heather.  
Silent and tender  
Cometh the full moon.

She is the heather's  
Pallid-faced lover;  
Legends of old she  
Rounds to him softly.

Kissed by the full moon,  
Brightens the heather;  
Fairies appear there,  
Circling and sweeping.

Morning airs rudely  
Fright off the full moon;  
Lonesome, endless,  
Lieth the heather.

From Mr. D. A. Casserly we have these erotic verses  
from Lucullus:

CARMEN V.—AD LESBIAM.

(VIVAMUS, MEA LESBIA, ATQUE AMEMUS)

While we live and love we may,  
Let us love, my Lesbia,  
Reckless of the Stoic's sneer,  
Or the sage's frown severe.  
Suns but set to rise once more:  
We, when our brief day is o'er,  
Sleep in an eternal night.  
Give me, then, my soul's delight,  
Kisses full a thousand, then  
Add a hundred, these again  
With a thousand cap; once more  
Add a hundred to the score,  
Then a thousand yet, nor cease  
Till a hundred follow these.  
And not even then desist,  
Till, so many times we've kiss'd,  
That we lose the reckoning, quite  
Drunk and dizzy with delight,  
And no envious tongue can count  
Kisses of so vast amount.

Not a translation, indeed, yet so resembling the above  
as to warrant its introduction here, is the following

TRIBUTE.

I have no bliss,  
Save in the kiss,  
The kiss thou givest me.

I know no rest,  
Save on thy breast  
When folded close to thee.

I know no sleep  
That doth not keep  
Thy face enshrined for me.

I have no joy  
Save to employ  
Each thought, all thought, for thee.

I have no grief,  
For past belief  
The peace thou bringest me.

I have no fears,  
Save that the years  
May take me far from thee.

No greater love,  
For God above,  
Than that he gave me, thee.

ELLEN H. FLAGG.

TRIO, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: It is very probable that "Pyrrho" has seen the  
lines entitled *A Rogation*, and which are supposed to  
have been written by Aaron Burr, either in the same  
album from which I transcribed them or in another into  
which they may have been copied. As to the very pretty  
little poem which my critic over his own signature calls  
*My Message Bird*, I think the title will be sufficiently  
indicative of its authorship, as I can easily prove I never  
composed it myself, and feel well assured that even the  
astute "Pyrrho" cannot trace it to Mr. Burr. To relieve  
him from any apprehension that the ghost of Chatter-  
ton is abroad, as well as to set him an example worthy  
of imitation, I subscribe myself, very respectfully,

CLIFTON WHARTON CLIFTON.

NEW YORK, June 22, 1867.

AN achievement which deserves recognition was that  
of *The Boston Journal* on June 25 ult. On St. John's  
Day, as is well known, the Masonic fraternity of Massa-  
chusetts held a grand celebration, the new Masonic Tem-  
ple having been dedicated by the Grand Lodge of the  
state on the occasion, which was rendered imposing not  
only by the extent and character of the festivities, but by  
the presence of a great number of distinguished persons,  
among whom was the President of the United States.  
*The Journal* printed on the following day a supplement  
to its usual edition consisting of more than thirty long  
columns, descriptive of the celebration, and giving what  
is perhaps one of the most complete, graphic, and interest-  
ing accounts that has ever been printed in this country  
of any similar occasion. Our metropolitan dailies pride  
themselves, and deservedly, on their enterprise; but we  
are not aware that either of them has ever surpassed,  
either in quantity or quality, this feat of *The Boston  
Journal*. That excellent paper is now materially  
strengthened in its editorial force by the accession of  
Col. W. W. Clapp, formerly of *The Saturday Evening  
Gazette*, and one of the ablest journalists and most point-  
ed writers of the American press.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS are about to  
publish a new monthly magazine, entitled *The Broadway*,  
to which, they explain, an international character will  
be given by the employment of contributors on both sides  
of the Atlantic. Among the new books they announce,

including those issued by their own London house and  
by that of Messrs. Alexander Strahan & Co.—to whose  
New York business, as we have before explained, they  
have succeeded—are *The Diamond Rose*, by Miss Tytler,  
the author of *Citoyenne Jacqueline* and a writer generally  
regarded with an admiration which we regret our  
inability to share; a new edition of Boswell's *Life of Dr.  
Johnson*; a new edition of Oliver Goldsmith's works; *A  
Book of Stories*, by Anthony Trollope, to whom we ob-  
serve our contemporaries are generally attributing Mr.  
T. Adolphus Trollope's *Arcturion Castle*; *The Romance of  
Charity*, by John De Liefde; *The Philanthropic Labors of  
Andrew Reed, D.D.*, who founded many charitable insti-  
tutions about London; and a cheap, well-printed edition  
of Lord Lytton's novels.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT will immediately publish  
*Co-operative Store Societies*, founded on the recent work of  
Eugene Richter. This is soon to be followed by *Co-op-  
erative Labor Societies*, drawn from the writings of Hol-  
yoake, Schultze-Delitsch, Le Marchant, Greening, Tidd  
Pratt, and others; and by *Co-operative Credit Societies*,  
from Batbie, Vêron, Poulet, Horn, and collaborators.  
These works will be brought down to the latest period  
and adapted to the wants of working-men in this country,  
giving them practical instruction for the organization of  
the different co-operative societies that have elsewhere  
proved so advantageous to their members. These vol-  
umes, we understand, are the commencement of a series  
of publications designed for working-men's organizations,  
with which Messrs. Leyboldt & Holt desire to be put in  
communication. The same firm are about to publish the  
Marquise de Boissy's *Byron*, of which we spoke recently,  
and have also *Denis Duval*, which Baron Tauchnitz has  
just added to his series, which is soon to include the  
*Roundabout Papers* and other minor writings of Thack-  
eray.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce their receipt  
of a limited supply of the first volume of the Early Eng-  
lish Text Society's edition of Bishop Percy's *Ballad  
MSS.*—which have only been printed in the abridged  
form of the *Reliques*—and the first part of the fourth  
volume (that including the *Loose and Humorous Songs*),  
and will have as rapidly as they are issued the re-  
maining portions of the four volumes, for which  
they receive subscriptions. Among their forthcoming  
books are *Eugene Aram*, the third volume of the Globe  
edition of Bulwer's novels, of which *The Cartons* and  
*Pelham* are already issued; *On the Boulevards*, and a  
*Trip through Normandy and Brittany*, by W. Blanchard  
Jerrold; *Melpomene Divina*, a volume of poems on  
Christian themes, by Christopher Laomedon Pindar; a  
new and revised edition of *The Farmer's and Planter's  
Encyclopedia of Rural Affairs*, embracing all the most  
recent discoveries in agricultural chemistry, adapted  
to the comprehension of unscientific readers; illustrated  
by numerous engravings of animals, implements, and  
other subjects interesting to the agriculturist; by Cuth-  
bert W. Johnson, Esq., F.R.S., etc., etc., and adapted to  
the United States by Gouverneur Emerson; also, *Sleep  
and its Derangements*, by William A. Hammond, M.D.

MR. LANIER sends us the conclusion of *The Tourna-  
ment, the First Joust* whereof was recounted in No. 124  
of *The Round Table* (p. 365):

THE TOURNAMENT: JOUST SECOND.

BEING THE RARE JOUST OF LOVE AND HATE.

I.  
A many sweet eyes wept and wept,  
A many bosoms heaved again,  
A many dainty dead hopes slept  
With yonder Heart-knight prone o' the plain.

II.  
Yet stars will burn through any mists,  
And the ladies' eyes, through rains of fate,  
Still beamed upon the bloody lists  
And lit the joust of Love and Hate.

III.  
O strange! or ere a trumpet blew,  
Or ere a challenge-word was given,  
A knight leapt down i' the lists; none knew  
Whether he sprang from earth or heaven.

IV.  
His cheek was soft as a lily-bud,  
His grey eyes calmed his youth's alarm;  
Nor helm nor hauberk nor even a hood  
Had he to shield his life from harm.

V.  
No falchion from his baldric swung,  
He wore a white rose in its place.  
No dagger at his girdle hung,  
But only an olive-branch, for grace.

VI.  
And "Come, thou poor mistaken knight,"  
Cried Love, standing unarmed there,  
"Come on, God pity thee!—I fight  
Sans sword, sans shield; yet, Hate, beware!"

VII.  
Spurred furious Hate; he foamed at month,  
His breath was hot upon the air,  
His breath scorched souls, as a dry drought  
Withers green trees and burns them bare.

VIII.  
Straight drives he at his enemy,  
His hairy hands grip lance in rest,  
His lance it gleams full bitterly,  
God!—gleams, true-point, on Love's bare breast!

IX.  
Love's grey eyes glow with a heaven-heat,  
Love lifts his hand in a saintly prayer;  
Look! Hate hath fallen at his feet!  
Look! Hate hath vanished in the air!

X.  
Then all the throng looked kind on all;  
Eyes yearned, lips kissed, dumb souls were freed;  
Two magic maids' hands lifted a pall  
And the dead knight, Heart, sprang on his steed

XI.

Then Love cried, "Break me his lance, each knight!  
Ye shall fight for blood-thirst Fame no more!"  
And the knights all doffed their mailed might  
And dealt out dole on dole to the poor.

XII.

Then dove-flights sanctified the plain,  
And hawk and sparrow shared a nest.  
And the great sea opened and swallowed Pain,  
And out of this water-grave floated Rest!

SIDNEY LANIER.

MACON, Ga., June 15, 1867.

MR. THURLOW WEED, in commenting upon the ap-  
proaching posthumous publication of Mr. Parkes's book,  
renews his assurance that it "will clear up the strange  
mystery of Junius." "Among the papers obtained from  
Woodfall's family," he adds, "is a proof-sheet of a Junius  
letter, in which a paragraph was expunged and another  
attached in the natural hand of Sir Philip Francis." Mr.  
W. J. Thoms, meanwhile, has been publishing in col-  
lected form some of his contributions to *Notes and Que-  
ries*, in which he successfully demolishes the legends that  
involved Dr. Wilmot's authorship of the Junius letters  
and that obtained such circulation as a result of the royal  
scandal case settled not very long ago in the English  
courts. These stories originated with Mrs. Olivia Wil-  
mot Serres, the great-granddaughter of Dr. Wilmot and  
granddaughter of Olive Wilmot and, she says, the Duke  
of Cumberland, through which descent she claims the  
English crown. The Junius letters were written by her  
ancestor, by her account, to force an acknowledgement of  
his daughter's legal marriage. As we have said, this story,  
together with those about Queen Charlotte's love  
passages with the famous Chevalier d'Eon and George III.'s  
marriage to Hannah Lightfoot, is pretty well destroyed  
by Mr. Thoms. Mr. J. Heneage Jesse, however, re-  
turns to the last of them in a long letter to *The Athe-  
næum*, which does little more than prove that a Hannah  
Lightfoot really did exist—a point which was previously  
regarded with doubt.

In *The Commonwealth* we read: "Some of the critics  
speak knowingly of that prolific writer, but new candi-  
date for American popularity, 'L. Mulbach,' (sic) as Mrs.  
Mühlbach. They are right in their conjectures of sex  
and condition, but wrong in the name. The American  
publishers should state plainly that 'Louise Mühlbach'  
is but a pseudonym for Klara (sic) Mundt. Her identity,  
though she publishes nothing under her real name, is as  
well known as that of 'George Sand.' Her maiden name  
was Mueller. From a *Miller* she simply made herself a  
*Milbrook*." Our Boston contemporary's example, as well  
as his precept, shows that he is either ignorant of one of the  
rudimentary principles of literary etiquette, or that he  
chooses to disregard it. A critic, as such, has no right  
to go back of the information given by the author on his  
title-page as to his identity. What he may mention as a  
matter of literary intelligence or gossip is another thing.  
Both the publishers and the "knowing" critics do very  
properly in giving the lady the name she prefers and  
would be guilty of a breach of propriety if they did other-  
wise.

THE admirers of the late Mrs. L. H. Sigourney are en-  
deavoring to build a monument to her memory at Hart-  
ford.

MR. HENRY E. PECK, formerly a professor in Oberlin  
College, died on the 9th inst. at Port au Prince, where he  
resided as United States minister, having been appointed  
by Mr. Lincoln.

CHEAP book-making is one of the foreign luxuries  
denied to us, yet of which the public has had just such a  
tantalizing glimpse in the progress of the *Dickens* and  
*Thackeray* rivalries as makes it eager for further indul-  
gence. Some months ago we had occasion to speak of  
a delightful little *Shakespeare*—the *Handy Volume  
Shakespeare*, we think it is called—published by Messrs.  
Bradbury, Evans & Co., of London, at the marvellous  
price of one (English) shilling per volume; this, we be-  
lieve, is completed, though so far as we know but half of  
the volumes have ever reached this country. We have  
before us further illustrations of the same thing. A nice  
edition of the *Waverley Novels*, printed by Messrs. Adam  
& Charles Black, of Edinburgh, by dint of thin paper and  
a clear type, larger than the "diamond," brings each of  
the novels within the compass of a volume about the  
size of *The Galaxy*; these are sold in England for six-  
pence, in New York for twenty-five cents. These novels  
are also included in Mr. John Camden Hotten's series of  
*World-Wide Authors* in very handsome form and at  
the same price. The latest publications of this kind made  
by Mr. Hotten are *Roderick Random* and the *Essays of  
Elia*, the latter of which is on our table, double-col-  
umned, indeed, but printed on a duodecimo page, with  
greater beauty of paper and type than characterizes any  
but our very best American books. This edition of *Elia*  
contains some *Reminiscences of the Author and his  
Friends* by Mr. Edmund Ollier, the son of Lamb's first  
publisher, who notes that the cost of the original edition  
(9s.) was exactly eighteen times that of Mr. Hotten's ele-  
gant little book. Messrs. Mohun & Ebbs send us, in the  
specimen pages of *Les Fables de la Fontaine*, an evi-  
dence of the perfection of cheap book-making in Paris.  
This is the new edition, illustrated by Gustave Doré  
with some seventy to eighty large, full-page engravings  
and two hundred and forty-eight designs at the head of  
the fables, and published by Messrs. L. Hachette & Cie  
in sixty weekly parts, of sixteen pages each, at the cost  
of fifty centimes (about ten cents), giving, for about six  
dollars, a volume of nearly a thousand pages, in which,  
say the publishers, "nous avons voulu réunir dans le  
même volume l'écrivain le plus aimé et l'artiste le plus  
populaire de notre pays, et tenter de mettre, au moyen  
d'un débit considérable, le plus grand luxe typographique  
à la portée des plus petites bourses. Nous offrons donc  
au public un livre pour l'exécution duquel nous n'avons  
reculé devant aucun sacrifice et dont le prix sera cepen-  
dant trois ou quatre fois moins élevé que celui de toutes



les publications analogues qui ont paru jusqu'à ce jour." It is impossible not to envy the fortunate readers who are thus liberally provided for, and to speculate with some anxiety upon the probable period at which not wisdom, perhaps, but some glimmering of the needs of home interests shall persuade our legislators to render such things possible among us.

MR. WM. V. SPENCER will soon publish *Gerty and May*, by the author of *Granny's Story Box*; and *Aunt Zeph's Baby*, by the author of *The Adventures of a German Toy*.

DR. NORMAN MCLEOD has been desired by the (Scottish) Established Church Assembly to make a tour of the mission stations in Egypt, Turkey, and India.

GENERAL GORGEY, the Hungarian leader who has been charged with treachery and treason during the war for Hungarian independence, has published *Letters without an Address*, a sequel to his *Memoirs of the Years 1848-49*.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In Herman Grimm's able but discursive *Life of Michael Angelo* (Vol. I., page 486), it is stated that when the divine "Raphael lay dead, at his head stood the unfinished painting of 'The Ascension of Christ.'" but I have always understood, and every other authority within my reach confirms the impression, that when Raphael's corpse was laid in state in the apartment in which he was accustomed to paint, it was the picture of "The Transfiguration" (probably the greatest work of art in existence) that occupied the position. Pray enlighten me as to this, and oblige  
FERG.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Ten guineas was once offered to Samuel Johnson if he would point out the original source of "semel insanivimus omnes." He could not do it for many years, but at length accidentally found it in the first eclogue of *De Honesto Amore*, by Johannes Baptista Mantuanus. "Id commune malum, semel insanivimus omnes" is the whole line. The accidental finding of a memorandum which I made nearly twenty-five years ago enables me to give this answer to the recent enquiry of "J. R."  
P. H. W.

COVENTRY, VI. June, 1867.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In *The Round Table* for May 25 your correspondent "D." refers Longfellow's lines about the mills of God, usually ascribed

to Von Logau, to the Spanish of Padre de Isla's *Friar Gerund*. The passage is as follows in Davies' translation (London, 1773, Vol. II., p. 305): "In a rustic and gross audience that discreet saying of Plutarch would be impertinent, God's mill grinds late, but it grinds small. How many would there be in such an audience who would understand the metaphor?"  
Who will find the place in Plutarch?  
R. F.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can you or any of your readers help me to the source of this quotation, which I find in a recent number of *The Pall Mall Gazette*?

"Time, like a pitiless master,  
Cries, Onward! and spurs the gay hours;  
Ah, never does Time travel faster  
Than when his way lies among flowers!"

The thought is the same as that in the Hon. Robert William Spencer's charming *Apology to Lady Hamilton*:

"Too late I stayed—forgive the crime,  
Unheeded flew the hours;  
How lightly pass the steps of Time  
Which only fall on flowers."

There is a similar passage in Moore, also, which I cannot, however, recall. Very truly yours,  
MANHATTAN.  
NEW YORK, May 21, 1867.

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## EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

That Modern Wonder, the Atlantic Cable, seldom flashes messages between the two hemispheres fraught with more pleasing, as well as important, intelligence than was the announcement which it bore on Thursday last that a magnificent tribute of merit had been awarded to one of our most enterprising business firms, the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company. The following is a copy of the telegram as transmitted by their representative in Paris:

"PARIS, June 27, 1867.—Exposition Universelle.—Wheeler & Wilson, of New York, are awarded the highest premium, a gold medal, for perfection in Sewing Machines. This is the only gold medal awarded for Sewing Machines. There were eighty-two competitors."

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Exchanges throughout the country with whom we have arranged that they, as a condition, shall print THE ROUND TABLE advertisements, are respectfully reminded of the fact, invited to copy the present one, and to send marked numbers to this office.

### PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Losses sometimes occur in transmitting cash by post. It is earnestly requested that remittances be made by checks or by P. O. orders made payable to THE ROUND TABLE.  
Address all communications to

### THE ROUND TABLE,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

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